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THE REALLY NAUGHTY BITS

OF ANDREA CLARKE,
NIKKI DOWNEY,
STELLA, KIRSTY,
MELISSA, SAMMY,
JANE, CAROL,
ROSIE, SHELLEY
AND MANY MORE!

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WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROOVY STABLEMATE

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WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROO

PUBLIE·PAR·PAUL·RAYMOND

CLUB

POUR HOMMES

GEORGIE, LINE ET MORGAN: ÇA BAIGNE!

SKI: LA NEIGE BONHOMME

ROGER WATERS CONTRE PINK FLOYD: PAS DE ROSES SANS EPINES

MA VILLE NATALE: PARIS VAUT BIEN UNE FESSE

MINITEL CPH 3615

WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FREN

A GROOVY STABLEMATE

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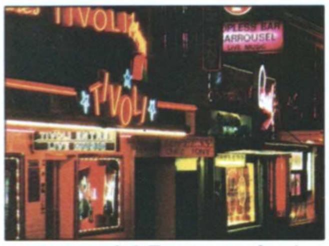

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TEASE!

THIS · MONTH · IN · CLUB

Fwaaa!! What a scorcher! To what are we referring? The searing two-girl action with Linzi Drew in last month's issue? The riveting saga of the Ed's hols? No, the weapon-melter to which we refer is this month's issue of Club. Bigger, stronger, better in the sack than ever before, we really can promise you that this month's action will keep your dipstick tingling *well* into the spring. At least!

The Deputy Ed still hasn't recovered from the lashing I gave him last month, so I've been ordered to write the intro to this issue's events once again (he's *sooo* masterful!). And, frankly, I'm breathless. The Nikki Downey set is enough to have the spunk dripping from the ceiling – just get a load of model Sammy in the shots of those boots. Imagine being trampled underfoot by *those*! The Ed has been panting like a demented puppy for *weeks*. Can't blame him, mind.

And as for the session with Kirsty the kissogram girl . . . well, we are talking serious multiple orgasms here. The girl whose occupation was to sit on your lap and grind herself into your hard-on (*and* get paid for it) reveals the whole lot on page 43. It really is cock-hardening stuff. I dare you to disagree . . .

As this is officially our Valentine's Day issue, we thought we'd include absolutely no references to it whatsoever, since all it's really about is preparing yourself to grab the woman of your choice and shagging her bandy the whole day. And to help you on your way, we've included more tits, more rears and more quims than ever before to work you into a state of such uncontrollable excitement that your dick won't know what's hit it. Which all goes to show that if you like a lot of action for your brisket, join our Club!

All this is making me terribly horny, so I'm off to wrestle the Deputy Ed to the floor. Happy humping – *The Dungeon Mistress.*

Who is this woman?? Never let her near this column again – Ed.

"Come on, then; hurry up with the baby oil!"

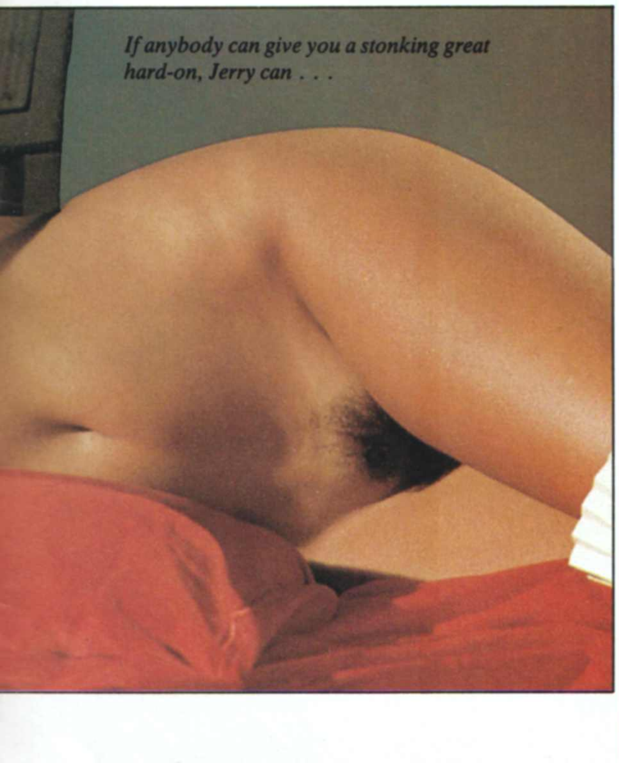
Well, she's every right to be proud of those beauties

"Is that our spare tent-pole in your trousers?"

"Right, say 'Lymeswold'"

Hey – anybody seen Stella's Artois?

Sensible girl, Kirsty, keeping her legs and arms warm in this weather



If anybody can give you a stonking great hard-on, Jerry can . . .

COME AGAIN

the girl you've asked to see

We almost wished we hadn't contacted Isabelle to tell her about the simply enormous seal of approval given to her by Club readers following her appearance in Vol 16 No 12. Although she was undeniably delighted that so many slavering individuals had demanded a repeat peek, she didn't half give us earache over what we – well, no, it wasn't "we"; it was Bleach, actually – said about her in the contents page of that issue.

"Isabelle necessaire sur une bicyclette?" was the offending phrase, and the lady herself wasn't at all happy about it. "I've had to put up with so much rubbish about my name over the years, but I didn't really expect you lot to take the piss. There's a knee in the balls for someone over this." You have been warned, Ed.

But let us get on to rather more pleasant treatment of one's naughty bits: Isabelle was suitably flattered that so many of you were suitably aroused by her pictures to nip off to the bathroom for a quick chug.

"Well, it's all very well for a photographer or an editor to say the pictures are good, but – and most girls seem to feel like this – I find it thrilling to read even one letter from a bloke who's shot his load because of *you*. It's so good to know you're having the desired effect. I'm grateful to everyone who wrote in – and to Club International for making such a good job of the layout.

"That's not to say I've changed my mind about lifting my knee into an Editorial groin when I'm next in the office, though." ♣

IN·THE·BAG

We want to hear from you about what you like, what you did, where you did it, how good she was, or anything you reckon we might be interested in. Send your contributions to In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Horse Play

I am very fond of a bet on the horses, and I'm frequently to be found in my local betting office. Paula, who takes the money, is a right little darling with long blonde hair, a pretty face and a nice pair of boobs; but my favourite thing about Paula is her gorgeous, rounded arse.

The only fly in the ointment is her boyfriend John. We nicknamed him "Guy the Gorilla", owing to the fact he's built like a proverbial brick shit house.

Last Monday, however, he was absent from the shop, and as it was practically empty all afternoon, I spent most of my time chatting to Paula.

After the last race at 5pm the manager Jim (who is a pal of mine) said he was in a hurry to get home, and would I help Paula lock up and see her safely home. Naturally I agreed to this.

When we were alone, I decided to give it a go by giving Paula a squeeze and a kiss. I thought I'd blown it when she broke away from me, but it turned out she was only locking the door so nobody could disturb us. We were soon snogging passionately, and I removed her blouse, skirt and bra and proceeded to suck her nipples – which she obviously loved. I then laid her on the table and pulled off her panties; they were really sticky and I couldn't resist putting the crotch to my nose and having a good sniff. What a smell – I almost came in my pants!

I got down between Paula's legs and gave her pussy a good licking. She was soon climaxing as my tongue darted in and out of her lovely snatch. I was now desperate to fuck her and I pulled my trousers and underpants down. I helped her down from the table, turned her around, and bent her over so I could take her from behind. I ran my hand over her arse and then rammed my eight-inch prick into her pussy. I gave her a good, hard, fast shagging, and before very long I was on the brink of coming. I told Paula I was going to spunk and she pleaded with me to flood her pussy. Gripping her bum cheeks hard, I gave my last few powerful thrusts, before unloading a torrent of spunk into her twat. When I was done, I pulled my prick out of her dripping cunt and wiped my sticky prick over those ample bum cheeks.

We dressed and locked up, then I saw her home. Next day in the betting office, Paula discreetly handed me a package. I opened it when I got home that evening and to my delight, it was her panties from the previous day. Needless to say I had a good sniff and wank that night before shooting my load into the crotch of those knickers.
– Ken, Acton

Lisa's Guide to London

PART 3

Lisa's third port of call on her now notorious jaunt round the capital is St Paul's. Positioning herself appropriately outside the famous rear entrance, our highly professional tour guide started to rattle off her blurb:

"St Paul's was built from 1675-1710 to replace the original, which was destroyed during the Great Fire. Wren's masterpiece is recognised all around the world for its great dome, which proudly stood untouched through the blitz . . ."

Lensman John "Raging Henry" Copthorne interrupted. "The people don't want to know about all this, Lisa. They want to know why, whenever you take us round the sights, you always get your knickers off."

"I've never thought about that," said Lisa. "Why do I?"

"'Cos it's a lot more bloody interesting than old buildings," said John. "Now let's do a runner before we're nicked."

He'll go far, Copthorne. You can tell. ♣

Randy Mandys

I thought I should write to you to tell you about my experience last year. I'm a student at college in Edinburgh and there is a gorgeous girl who works in the office. Her name is Mandy, a tall brunette with a tremendous figure. Anyway, the story began when I went to the office to pick up my matriculation card. I was staring at her gorgeous legs; they were clad in lovely black stockings which really turned me on. She saw me staring at her and said: "Do you like what you see?"

I was amazed at her saying such a thing, and replied: "Yeah! It's the best I've ever seen."

"Well, would you like a feel?" she asked.

"I'd love it!" I said excitedly.

We talked for a while and she asked me round to her flat that night, telling me to bring a friend – she would get him a date.

We went around to her flat at 7pm, and she let us in. She was wearing a see-through white blouse and tight black skirt, with sexy black stockings again.

"I wore the stockings again, just for you!" she said. I just nodded and sat down next to her while Paul sat at her other side. She put her hand between my legs and rubbed my cock up and down.

"Well, who's first then?" she gasped out. No one answered. I stood up and pulled my trousers and pants off and my hard-on sprang out. "That's better," she said. "Just relax and enjoy me!" She kneeled in front of me and began to suck me off real good. "Come on, Paul, hurry up!" I groaned. I felt like coming all over her face, but I held off and told her to stop. I got her in the doggy position and told Paul to fill her mouth while I screwed her hot cunt.

She had on lovely black panties, which were soaking wet. I pulled them to the side and pushed into her really warm cunt. I fucked her really hard and she was loving it! She was groaning really loudly as she gave Paul a really good blow job. It may sound funny, but I've always had a fantasy for coming all over a woman's arse and stockinged legs. As I held Mandy's hips, I looked over and saw Paul pull out of her mouth and spurt his spunk all over her face.

She was making lovely noises and I felt myself going to come, so I pulled out and wanked myself until I came. I spunked all over her arse, and my come ran down her lovely stockinged legs. After that we all fell on to the bed in a spunk-stained pile.

After a short time I felt her licking my cock. "Want more spunk, do you?" I said. "Please fill me this time!" she pleaded.

I got down on her and banged at her hairy twat again. Then I stopped. "Let's try a 69," I suggested. I lay on my back as she lowered her sexy cunt on to my face. I licked out so much: I took her cunt lips one by one and sucked them red-raw. She loved it and even came while I licked her. Then I got her in the doggy position again and fucked her hard until I came up her snatch. I pulled out to see my spunk running out of her hole and running down her thighs.

We still have a good fuck now and again, but I'll always remember that first time.

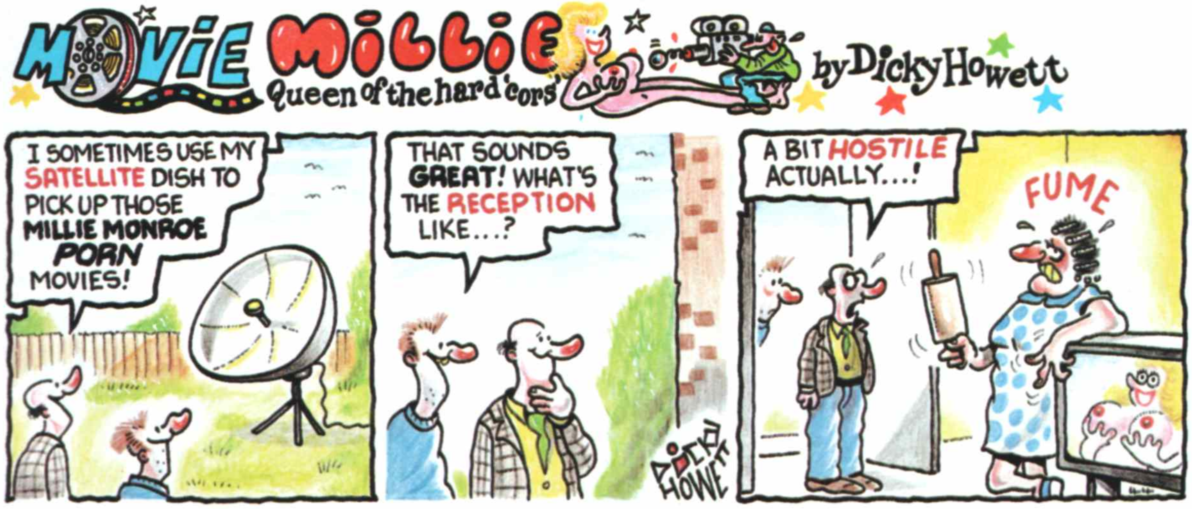
Talking of which, I still relish the thought of my first ever time. A couple of years ago, my friend Jamie and I picked up a girlie magazine which someone had left lying on a bench in the park.

We had seen the mag before in the newsagents, and had hurriedly and surreptitiously looked at a few of the illustrations, but this was the first opportunity to dwell on the photographs at leisure and examine the assortment of beautiful bums, tits and quims. We hurried with our prize to my house (which was nearest, and least likely to have any parents at home). Up to my bedroom we dashed. We sat

TOP TITS

Peculiar uses for the female mammary gland part one: in 1843 the prominent inventor Thelonimous Marmalade put forward the theory that pendulous breasts could be used to determine the gravitational pull of the moon. All that was needed was a tower 2⅝ miles high, and a braless lady with breasts weighing precisely 17lbs each to sit on top of the thing. Simple, really, when you think about it.

Unfortunately, though Marmalade built the tower, he could never find a lady with breasts big enough to prove his theory. So it's a pity he's not around to see this lot – *Gary Garbonza.* ♣


MOVIE MILLIE
Queen of the hard 'cors'
by Dicky Howett
I SOMETIMES USE MY SATELLITE DISH TO PICK UP THOSE MILLIE MONROE PORN MOVIES!
THAT SOUNDS GREAT! WHAT'S THE RECEPTION LIKE...?
A BIT HOSTILE ACTUALLY...!
FUME
DICKY HOWETT

IN·THE·BAG

on the bed to share the treasures which appeared before us on the pages.

Needless to say, it was soon apparent from the bulge in Jamie's trousers that he had a massive hard-on and so had I. I put my hand in my pocket and started to rub my prick, but Jamie encouraged me to undo my zip and expose it to the daylight. I readily agreed, and in no time we were both jerking our dongs in front of the pictures.

So engrossed were we, we didn't hear the footsteps outside the room until it was almost too late, but we just had enough time to get our pricks back into our trousers before the door opened and in walked Mandy (yes, *another* Mandy!), a distant cousin.

Mandy had recently arrived in our town and was staying with us until she found suitable digs, and I had expected her to be at her office during the afternoon. She was only a couple of years older than me, and although no great looker, she had rather a nice figure which I would have liked to have seen more of: but although she had seen me eyeing her quite small tits several times, she had given me no encouragement at all. I thought she either wasn't interested in that sort of thing, or (more likely) that I was too young for her.

We were looking a bit guilty and flushed, and I think she must have guessed what we were doing; she jumped when she saw us but recovered quickly and said: "I got a half-day today and looked in to ask if there was anything you wanted me to get at the shops . . ." Then her eyes fell on the magazine lying on the floor and she went slightly red.

As I said, she had not given any signals before, but perhaps emboldened by the fact that there were two of us and therefore things were more impersonal, Mandy calmly walked over to the bed, sat down between us and took possession of the magazine. Opening it up, she declared that she had always wanted to have a look at pictures which fascinated men. Initially, she appeared quite calm, but as the pages turned it became obvious that she was getting embarrassed – but interested, too.

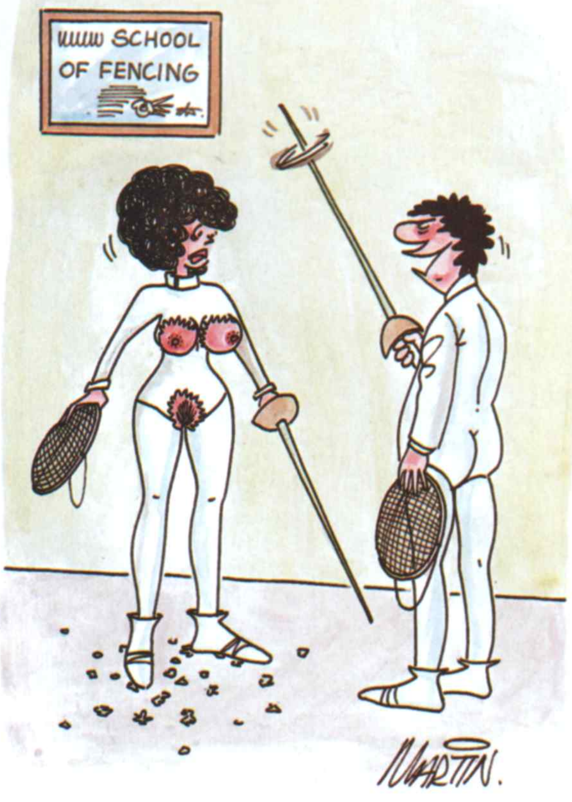
To help her and encourage her I said it was a pity there were no pictures of men also. She didn't say anything, but I saw her give a speculative glance at Jamie's bulging trousers before turning to another page. This turned out to be a set of readers' letters, some of which were so crude that I thought it would perhaps put her off. But, no, she started to read them and because the printing was so small we had to sit with our heads close together to see properly.

How close, I didn't guess! At this point, I unfortunately had to go to the loo, and left the two of them engrossed in the next letter. As you know, peeing while your dick is aiming for the heavens is difficult, and it was a little time before it had drooped sufficiently to aim into the loo. Then I hurried back to the bedroom.

A surprise awaited me there. Mandy was lying on her side with her fingers clasping Jamie's prick and he had his hand down over the top of her knickers!

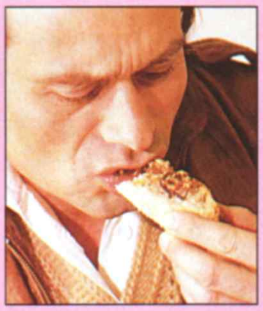
I later learned that it all happened very suddenly while they were laughing at one of the more outrageous letters. Jamie had turned to kiss her and he let his hand fall on her thigh. She reacted immediately by reaching for his zip and pulling out his cock. He, meanwhile, lost no time in getting his hand up her skirt, into her knickers and on to her quim.

It all looked a bit uncomfortable, so – ever



Next time I'll teach you how to defend yourself!

NUTTER'S CORNER



Les vers de terre sont très bon pour manger, mon vieux fils. **Which, roughly translated from the Greek, means yer French love a good fried worm on toast in the morning.**

Yep, the Frogs have turned to worms with a vengeance. Or at least they will do if the Centre d'Application et de Promotion des Energies Nouvelles Ecologiques (try swallowing that one) have their way. These peculiar chaps take a bunch of ordinary earthworms, dump them in bins of household rubbish to get a good feed, and then whip them out and fry them up with parsley, scallion and a dash of cognac. (Though the real connoisseurs eat them raw.)

They're bursting with goodness: 72 per cent protein, 6 per cent amino acids, 15 per cent fat, some yummy trace elements and no cholesterol. Very good for the brain. And it looks like this bunch of fucking lunatics need all the help they can get.

More utter pinbrains next month.♣

helpful – I unclipped the waistband of Jamie's trousers and pulled them off, following this by easing down his underpants so Mandy could have more room to play. She still just held him in her fingers, so I took her hand and showed her how to wank him.

"Do something for me now; I'm getting cramp in my hand," Jamie whispered. I rolled an unresisting Mandy on to her back and, putting both hands under her round little bum, raised her up and pulled off her knickers, noticing in the process that their underside was quite damp.

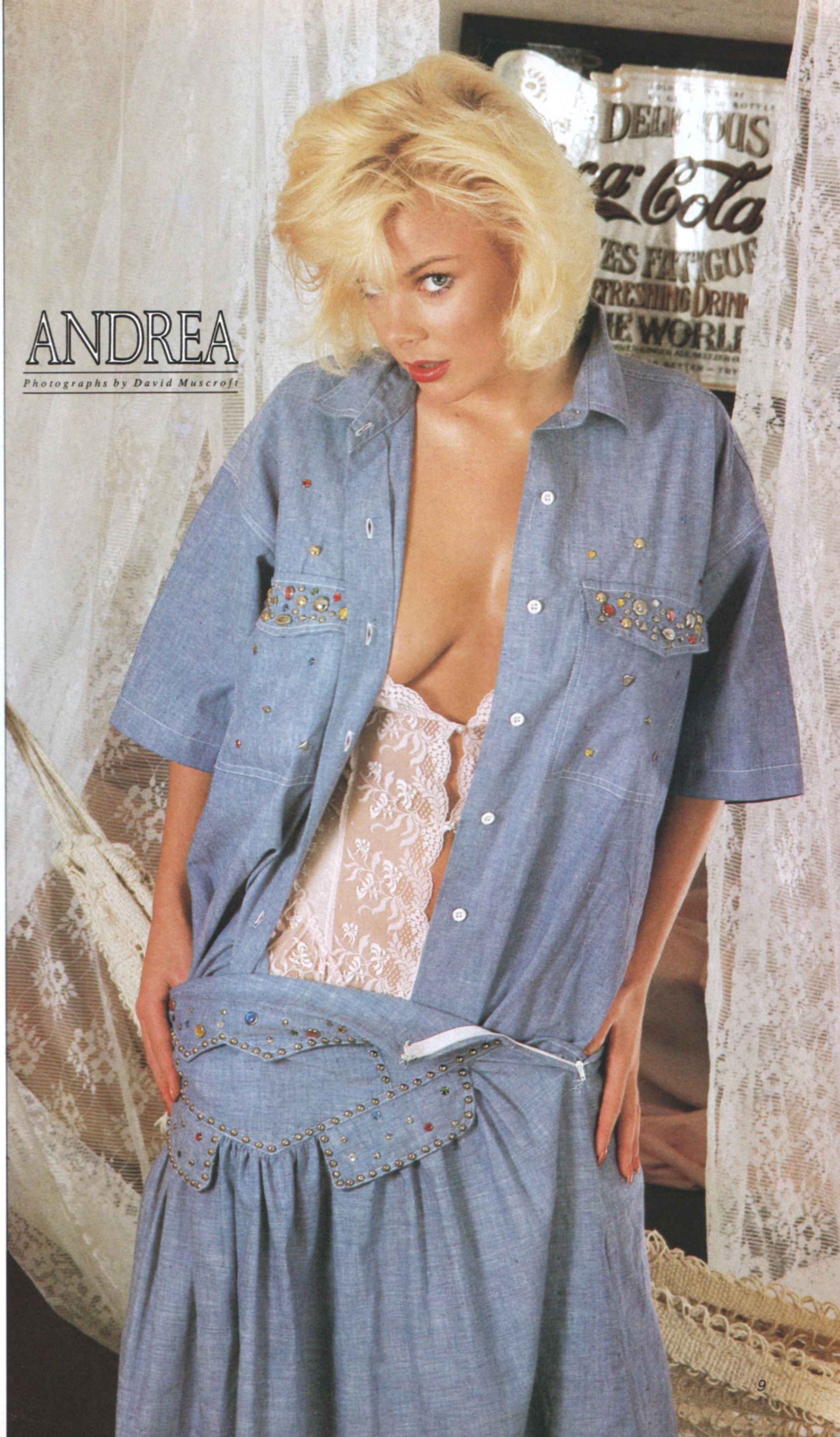
Having done so, I felt it only right that I should get some of the action and, stripping off my nether garments, I pushed Mandy back on to her side, lay down beside her and pushed my dick in between her legs. Then my middle finger joined Jamie's to make an exploration of her crack. Recalling something I had read, I asked: "Where is your clitty, Mandy?"

"Are you serious?" she replied. "Have neither of you been with a girl before?" When we told her the sad truth of our lack of experience it seemed to excite her more, and, removing her hand from Jamie's shaft for a moment, she took my finger in hers and guided me on to the magic button. Then, feeling where my prick throbbed between her thighs, she pulled it closer to her and rubbed the knob up and down on her clit.

What it did to her I don't know, but I had never had a feeling like this before, and started pounding against her backside until she stopped me, saying: "Keep still just now – we've got a lot to do yet if we are going to get the best out of it!"

"It's your turn now, Jamie," she said, and repeated the process with his finger. When both our fingers were in the same spot, she told us to explore gently further down a bit to find the opening to her cunt. We needed no encouragement. Our fingers slid around in her crack, taking it in turn to finger her hole and her clitty, and occasionally giving a

continued on page 16



ANDREA

Photographs by David Muscroft

When someone like Andrea Clarke calls you up and asks when she can appear in the magazine again, you don't say things like: "Well, let us think about it," or "Soon, darlin', soon." No, what you do is rush out into the street, grab the nearest photographer, hail a cab and dash at high speed over to Andrea's place, where you get her to take all her clothes

off and do sexy things while the photographer shoots off as many reels as he can before the camera becomes too hot to handle. And then you lock the art people in the office

so they can lay out the pictures in time for the *next* issue. You see, we're not mugs *all* the time. The telephone call in question came after Andrea saw the pictures of her in the Vol 16 No 11 issue when she returned from sunning herself in Oz last month. "If this is how Club International treat their girls, I'd like to work with you again," she enthused into the phone. "Would that be possible?" *Would that be possible?* Daft question, really. Looking at these pictures, it somehow makes you believe that, with Andrea, *anything* is possible. ♣

HARD·NEWS IN·THE·BAG

THE · PAPER · WITH · BALLS

Edited by Colin Jeffery and Paul Dunn

Every month, in throbbing ten-inch columns, we bring you the news stories that got away.

NOT TONIGHT

THE LOVELY red-haired wife prepared a special welcome for her husband when he got home from work. There were flowers on the table, soft music, a delicious dinner, and her, wearing high-heeled shoes, black stockings, exotic perfume . . . and nothing else.

But Annelise, 20, failed once more to make Eugene, 35, more hot-blooded. She told a divorce court that when they got married and moved into their flat in Munich, West Germany, Eugene told her love making was only for certain days of the year.

He said she could have sex on his birthday in February, her birthday in August, Christmas Day and Easter Monday.

The judge sympathised with her. "No wonder you rebelled on such a meagre ration," he said at the hearing. The divorce was granted. *(Roma)*

GOLDEN OLDIE

AN OSLO publishing house rushed into print *Confessions Of A Love Maniac*. The book sold thousands of copies throughout Scandinavia, and the firm gratefully invited the authoress, Inge Asther, to come to a special reception.

Inge turned out to be a 72-year-old virgin spinster, who told the publishers: "I've always thought sex was easy to write about. People who really have sexy lives keep quiet about it." *(Globe)*

BAD BUSINESS

IN URUGUAY, cantina proprietor James Sachez of Montevideo has been badly beaten up by a gang of prostitutes. His offence? Sachez bought a new TV set for his bar and left it constantly tuned to the sports station. Regulars at the cantina who had previously made use of the ladies' services now sat watching football all day long. The girls protested, and when Sachez refused to remove the set they broke his nose. *(New York Post)*

UNLIKELY LION

HAZEL Douglas's anonymous lonely hearts newspaper advert read: "Sex kitten seeks rampant lion."

Hazel, from New South Wales, Australia, received scores of replies, including one from her husband, Frank, who had included a nude photo of himself. It was the first time she had seen him naked for years. (*Sydney Herald*)

PERCY'S WIFE WINS A HARDY ANNUAL

A CALIFORNIAN court has granted a divorce to Percival P. Quentin, because his wife, Thelma, recently finding herself in urgent need of some ready cash, organized a lottery.

Tickets were sold at one dollar each. The prize was a night of pleasure with Thelma herself. 200 tickets were sold, and the winner was a 73-year-old gardener. *(National Examiner)* ♣

UNDERCOVER WORK

ITALIAN romeo Primo Delmolino, foreman in a Milan factory, was always boasting about his conquests and several mornings running pinned a pair of panties to the wall of the staff canteen as his "trophy of the chase".

But he was soon found out: a parcel of panties sent to him by a mail order firm was wrongly delivered to a neighbour who soon blew the gaff. Now Primo is keeping quiet about his love life. *(National Examiner)*

continued from page 9

quick wank on my penis which was still lying between her thighs. She was becoming wetter and wetter as the juices ran down from her cunt.

Mandy had now definitely become "randy" Mandy, as she rotated her hips and squeezed her legs tight. Breathing heavily, she told us to stop for a moment while she turned on to her back. Then, taking hold of Jamie's so far neglected prick, she eased it only just inside the tight little entry to her cunt and invited him to push it in as far as he could. As he made his first drive forward, she warned: "Screw as hard and as fast as you want, but I'm not on the Pill – so don't shoot your mess inside me." As she spoke, she pulled her skirt up so as to expose her belly. "Do it on me here," she said.

Enviously, I watched them thumping away and when she raised her legs to clasp them behind his back, I bent down to see his shaft driving through her down, into her quim. All too soon he gave a cry as he extracted himself from her grasp and shot streams of white juices on to her navel and collapsed on top of her.

Mandy, after a moment or two, rolled him off her and motioned for me to take his place.

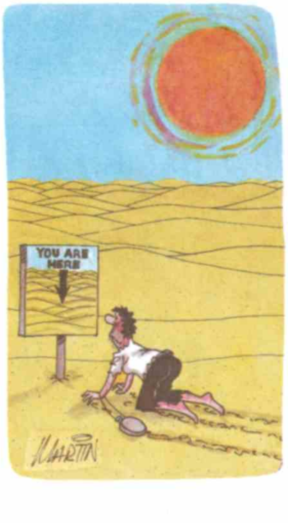
My circumcised knob was at full stretch and desperate to get inside, but she first moistened her fingers in her quim and annointed my purple tip liberally, so that when it went into her it was like being sucked into a vacuum.

I felt the warm, moist flesh grip me as I shoved at her, and soon she was echoing my movements with vigorous counterthrusts. We jerked about like mad things as she screamed: "I'm coming, I'm coming. Keep it up me!"

As she collapsed and closed her legs tight I could hardly hold on any longer myself but she grabbed the base of my shaft just in time, pulled it out steaming, and slid it along her crack, which I immediately filled with what felt like pints of cum.

Regardless of the rivulets of juices running out of her cunt and the creamy mess sticking to our pricks, we all lay back exhausted for a while, until we had to get cleaned up before my parents returned.

So ended my first entry



IN A

Dum dum ba bum bum, dum dum ba bum bum, DA DA DAA, DA DA DAA, DA DA DAA, DER DA!

Yes, I'm sure all you collectors out there recognized another great TV theme in the series presented to you by me, Ricky Rear. Got it? Yes, it's *Mission Impossible!* We all remember the old burning fuse on the opening credits. Classic stuff.

Tune in next month for another great TV theme which has got damn all to do with the pictures here. Your mission now, should you decide to accept it, is to enjoy these fine posteriors before they self-destruct in five seconds – *Ricky Rear.* ♣

into that magical cunt, but until the time she left us, Mandy and I had several more adventures in her bed after everyone had retired for the night! – *P McR, Livingston*

The Editor promised to organise a competition to put here. But he never did. He got drunk with a model instead. So we thought, rather than leave a white space, we'd put in this picture of a lady with a very nice bottom.

Wine Bar Bonk

On a recent visit to the West End, I went to a pub for a quiet drink (I had been sightseeing all day). I got chatting to three Swedish girls who were over here on holiday. As the evening progressed I found myself becoming more and more friendly with Ingrid, a small pretty blonde. Later in the evening the other two girls left to get something to eat, and Ingrid and I went upstairs to the wine bar, as she said she was keen to sample wines.

Many glasses of wine later, I went to excuse myself to go to the gents. Ingrid said she would come with me as she wanted to go to the ladies. I went to the gents and then waited outside for Ingrid. Ingrid appeared after a few minutes, but, instead of walking out, she grabbed my hand and pulled me inside. She ushered me inside a cubicle and locked the door without saying a word. In a flash she had my trousers and underpants down and, kneeling in front of me, popped my prick in her mouth.

She licked and sucked me so expertly, that, after just a minute, I told her I was going to come. She told me to spunk over her face. I wanked my prick furiously, and suddenly my spunk was jetting out all over that pretty face. She took my prick back in her mouth and sucked me clean. Ingrid then asked me to lick her cunt. She removed her skirt and knickers and sat on the toilet seat. I got on my knees and gave her pussy a good licking. She held my head down hard as she reached her climax, and I tasted her juices.

By this time my prick was hard again, so I told Ingrid I wanted to fuck her. She said OK, but not to spunk in her as she hadn't been taking her Pill during the holiday. I bent her over the toilet and was faced with the sweetest arse I'd ever seen. I was soon ramming my prick up her pussy and I gave her a good shagging until I could feel my climax approaching. I whipped my prick out of her twat and wedged it between her bum cheeks, shooting my cream all over that lovely arse.

After tidying ourselves up, Ingrid looked to see if the coast was clear, and we hurried back to the wine bar. – *Gerry, Middlesex*

Frankie Goes To Town

I'm writing to tell you about my latest sexual encounter, again with my next door neighbour, Frankie, whom I described in my letter in Vol 16 No 11.

Well, this time I was upstairs in my bedroom

RREARS

IN·THE·BAG

tossing myself off while watching an adult movie, when in walked Frankie. She was wearing a cream dressing gown and very little else. "Don't let me disturb you," she said. "Carry on with what you were doing." As she said this, Frankie removed her dressing gown to reveal her fabulous naked body. I lay on the bed tossing myself off while watching the film, and watching Frankie as she began to finger herself.

I pulled her on to the bed and kissed her large, pink, naked breasts. Frankie placed her hand on my prick and tickled my balls. She then slid down so her face was directly above my throbbing prick. Slowly she began to kiss and lick my shaft, then she took my head into her moist mouth. Frankie moved her lips and tongue up and down, each time taking more of my tool into her. I held on as long as I could and then I came, filling her mouth with jets of hot, creamy spunk. Frankie swallowed every drop and sucked me dry.

She then ran out of the room, only to return minutes later wearing a black basque and black silk stockings and lace suspenders. This immediately brought my prick back to life. It stiffened to its full length within seconds.

Frankie removed her basque and then sat astride my face. Her cunt lips were gaping in front of my mouth. I ran my hands over her buttocks as I slid my tongue deep into her burning hole. I sucked her clitoris and quim and licked her cunt lips until she was on the verge of coming, then stopped and declared that I wanted her from behind. Frankie kneeled on all fours and groaned with pleasure as she felt my rampant prick enter her burning hole. Our bodies thrust backwards and forwards together as we fucked. My hands caressed her large breasts and dark nipples as they rocked. Her cunt walls squeezed hard against my prick as it slid in and out of her. "Harder! Fuck me harder," exclaimed Frankie. "I'm coming, I'm coming, oh, oh, oh . . ." Frankie screeched with ecstasy as she came, filling her cunt with love juices. She soon screamed again as she felt me come inside her, filling her hole with jets of hot spunk.

We collapsed with exhaustion and slept for a few hours. It certainly takes the saying "love thy neighbour" to new dimensions, and I can't wait for episode three! – *RFC, Sutton*

Bonn Jovial!

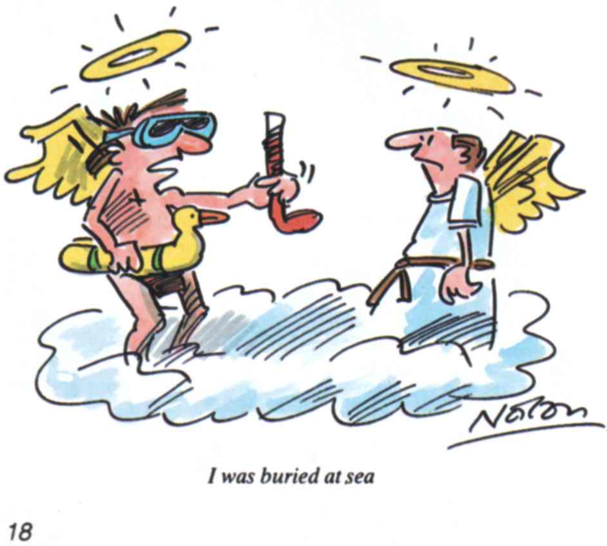
From time to time, Club features girls with particularly exquisite breasts: I don't just mean *big*, but firm with it. Nothing which has ever appeared in your pages, though, can ever compare with a particularly erotic encounter I had with a young whore some three years ago in Germany. I found her in one of the better clubs in Bonn and was so taken by her looks, I paid her for the whole night . . . and she did not come cheap!

To be honest, I had gone out especially to find a girl, but did not expect one of such quality. So, with over a fortnight's cream churning in my balls, we entered her flat.

We did not rush things, and spent some time just kissing and cuddling; me stark naked, her with a very tiny baby-doll nightie on. As I said, she was a real stunner: about half my age (I'm 36) and exquisitely petite, being only about five foot two or three, with a pretty "little girl" face; neat firm bum; long, slightly meaty, legs and an almost unbelievably small waist.

It was her breasts, though, which really turned me on. They were only 35 inches, as she informed me, but on her small frame they looked quite big. Even so, their size was not their main virtue; they were so wonderfully firm and high and, what's more, were capped with such nipples as I had only dreamed about before. The whole area around each

continued on page 98



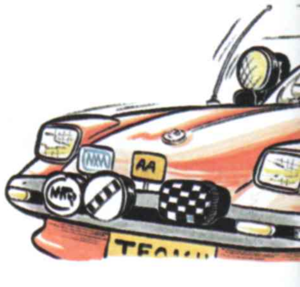
I was buried at sea

MOTORVA

Why do we have a motoring writer who reckons modern cars are a waste of money? Read this month's effort from ***John Masham****, and you'll be just as bloody puzzled as we are.*

Given the huge amounts of dosh which are laid out daily in the name of automotive R&D, it's no wonder that today's automobile is a sophisticated piece of kit. The new generation of Porsches, for example, will be fitted with spoilers which actually sink back into the main bodywork of the car when not required, thereby failing to live up to their name by spoiling the otherwise super-clean lines of the car. And more than a few manufacturers are toying with the idea of intelligent cars, cars that actually think for themselves: active suspension which automatically readjusts to suit road and speed conditions, satellite-guided auto-navigation, heat-seeking missiles to take care of that carelessly-placed pedestrian . . .

It all sounds great, very progressive, but what about the poor bloke who just wants to get from A to B? At a time when most *drivers* don't bother thinking, a car that does might not be a bad idea, but before long we'll all end up driving the Ford and Vauxhall equivalents of



Tina Gets It

TION

Knightrider's little number. Or rather, those of us who can *afford* to will.

The fact is that if you want silicon chips with everything, you have to pay for it. Henry Ford, Dr Porsche (in league with Hitler) and whoever was responsible for the Citroen 2CV all had the same idea in mind: to provide cheap but practical transport for the man in the street. Nowadays, however, even a Lada or a Skoda owner needs a second mortgage to pay for his pride and joy.

No one would doubt the benefits of all this extra technology, but a lot of it is just so much guff. It's a bit like those watches which, at the flick of a switch, can tell you the time in New York. Great. But how many of the people who buy that watch will ever get to the Big Apple? Five per cent maybe. Likewise, while we all love the idea of twin-cam, multi-valve engines with pure titanium headers and all-wheel drive, the time comes when you have to sit down and wonder when, if ever, you're going to need it all.

Cars are expensive. A Porsche 944, for example, sells at around 55p per ounce (cheaper than caviar, but then not even the Colbys buy fish eggs by the garage ful). Not long ago someone did a little calculation to see just what you got for your money when you opted to pay more to get more. Fuel injection, for example. In bald terms, you end up several hundred quid down, and with a car 0.2 of a second quicker and 5mph less legal than the carburettered version. Not a lot of gain per pound, but at least you get the 'i' badge on the back. Let's face it, that's what half the punters are after. It doesn't matter whether it says XR3i, GTi, GSi, or even Spit In Your i, as long as there's an 'i' in there.

But of course that kind of posing is nothing new. More worrying is the fact that most of the so-called technology queueing up to get on tomorrow's cars is really no more than an engineer's expensive wet dream. We're being sold technology which is about as essential to the end-user as a two-time-zone watch. We buy it because we're told we need it – it's good for our image – but at the end of the day we need rearview video cameras in the boot of the car about as much as Dr Who needs Bonnie Langford (be honest, if you daily faced the mighty malevolence of an alien starfleet, would you pick as your assistant a dancer who can't act?).

Cars seem to be evolving faster than we do. In the past a lot of motoring writers used to write stuff like this: "At the limit, the car's handling is somewhat eccentric." That usually meant that he put the tail through a farm gate on a greasy bend after four too many at the Venus de Milo's Arms. But nowadays, most cars' handling is so good that only the likes of Gerhard Berger would dare to push them to the limit.

Most cars nowadays do a pretty good job; they're fast enough, safe enough and long-lasting enough for most of the folk who buy them. So, don't be fooled – a lot of what we're seeing now is not progress, it's marketing.

Most cars are in fact now better than their drivers; the average hot hatch (let alone the ones with four-wheel drive) offers more power, punch and performance than most of us can handle. Next year they'll be offering us five valves per cylinder – the bikers have already got them – but before you dive in waving an ever larger wadge of notes, just ask yourself whether you really need it? The answer's a loud No – you're being conned.♣

---

ff Her Chest

We present the first in our series of hard-hitting comment from Tina, the lady with brains where it counts. This month: the US budget deficit.

Well, it all stands to reason, doesn't it? I mean, Americans have always been a bit bloody flash. Splashed their money around a bit, know what I mean?

Now if you want to look at a senile old coot, just get a butcher's at that Reagan. Stupid git. His brain's been rotted by too much Grecian 2000. And when was the last time he gave old Nance a good seeing-to? Well, search me, but it doesn't bear thinking about, does it, those two together? I'd sooner imagine ET on the bog.

Now his trouble is, he's spent 15 billion trillion on his missiles, and he's borrowed the lot from a load of Arabs, and the Arabs have been blowing his ships to buggery the whole time. Now, it's stupid, it's stupid, that I grant you, but that's your Yanks, you see?! Don't know their arse from their elbow, not one of 'em.

So now they're skint, just like the rest of us. Good, innit?

***The opinions expressed above are not necessarily those of the Editor or staff. In this case, though, they are.*♣**

LEWDO

ARE · YOU PERVERTED?

These days, the headlines scream "Weirdo" *if you so much as* mention sex *– and judging by the fan mail we get, they're bloody right. We thought we'd find out just how wickedly twisted our readers really are . . .*

1 Who is your role model?
- a) Nigel Mansell
- b) Rambo
- c) Casanova
- d) David Pleat

2 What do you most enjoy doing with a banana?
- a) Peeling it
- b) Eating it
- c) Slipping on it
- d) Slipping it in

3 What is your favourite bit of your partner's anatomy?
- a) Her hair
- b) Her fucking enormous gazonkas
- c) Her steaming pussy
- d) Her false teeth and wooden leg

4 What bit of your partner most resembles a horse?
- a) Her hairy mane
- b) Her smooth hind quarters
- c) Her massive choppers
- d) Her cloven hooves

5 What is your favourite type of underwear?
- a) Marks' regulation Y-fronts (white)
- b) Crotchless pouches
- c) Nothing
- d) A metal padlock and chain

6 At a live sex show, two horny girls are getting well down to it on stage. Do you:
- a) Leave
- b) Applaud loudly
- c) Applaud loudly and take pics so you can show them to your wife and her sister (whom you've secretly fancied like mad for years)
- d) Applaud loudly and ask if they'd consider some immediate audience participation

DICKY HOWETT

LEWDO

7 What's your favourite sex aid?
- a) Your cock
- b) Your wife
- c) A blow-up doll of your wife
- d) A Hoover

8 What is your idea of a cracking blind date?
- a) Nikki Downey
- b) Nikki Downey and Lu Varley
- c) Cilla Black
- d) Nigel Lawson

SCORING

Mainly 'a's: Pretty damn normal, aren't you? Ever thought of doing it with the lights on? Ever thought of doing it doggy fashion? Ever thought of doing it?

Mainly 'b's: A few kinks showing through the outward normality. Must try harder.

Mainly 'c's: Secretly, you're an almost complete pervo. A few lessons and you'll be well on the way.

Mainly 'd's: You filthy beast. Are you sure you took this seriously?? If so, send me your phone number – *The Dungeon Mistress*.

TAPED!

Stripjoints, massive knockers, insatiable secretaries, Linzi Drew, naked wives . . . quite how virginal ***Allan Bryce*** *is qualified to write on such carnal matters, we don't know. But he has a bash, anyway.*

I used to have a weight problem once. I would step on those scales at fairgrounds and a voice would say: "No coach parties, please!" But after cutting down to a pint of bitter a day and giving up having sugar on my Ricicles I found I could soon fit into my regular-size Rambo T-shirt.

Anyway, what I'm leading up to is that if, like me, you've ever worried about having more chins than the Chinese phone book then you will undoubtedly sympathize with the star of the first of this month's batch of the blues. She's a young lady called Kitten Natividad, whom Mother Nature has seen fit to endow with a bigger pair of knockers than you'll find on the front door of Buckingham Palace. This girl is so huge that if her bra snapped on a crowded bus, there would be carnage on a grand scale!

In **Taking It Off**, Kitten works at a Hollywood stripjoint where she is very fondly known as "The Babe with more Bounce to the Ounce", but she isn't happy with her lot in life: the place is so sleazy that even the cockroaches wear dark glasses. Her real ambition is to get into movies, and her agent tells her that before she can do that she has to lose three inches around her most obvious attributes. "But they took so long to *grow*!" she complains.

Linzi has another uplifting experience

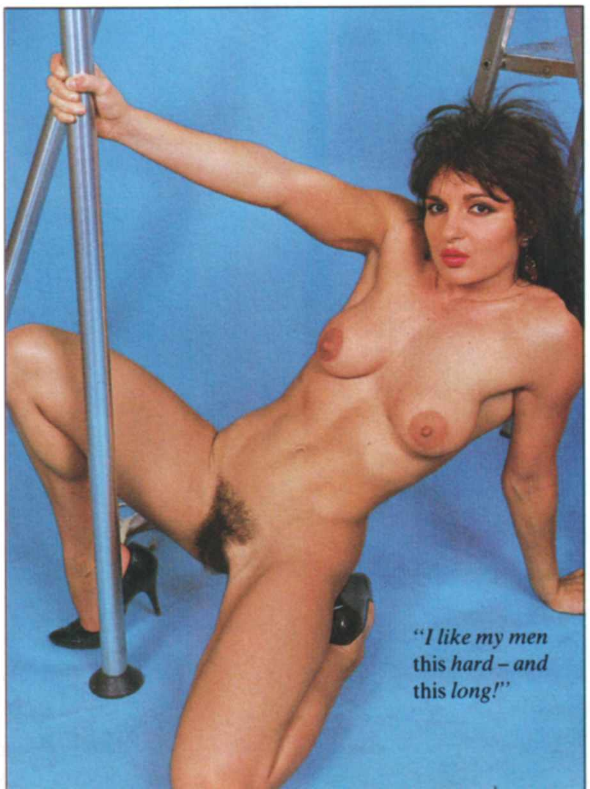
Nevertheless, our girl is so keen to shed those pounds that she checks in at the Dubious Diet Clinic to see if the doctors can handle her . . .

Staying with the exercise theme we come to **Shape Up**, a percy-punishing look at life in a trendy Californian health haven. The customers at randy Roger's Gym certainly take some punishment in their pursuit of the perfect body. Some of the clients are so out of condition, the only way they will ever get the perfect body is to kidnap one of the instructors. Still, under the ever-watchful gaze of hunky Rog, super-fit aerobics teacher Annie, and sexy instructress Adrienne, these ordinary folks push their puny bodies in search of their dreams. Settle back with a beer and a sandwich and enjoy the sight of all those sweating, straining and often naked bodies . . .

I've often wondered what it would be like to be a private eye like Mike Hammer. In fact, I did toy with the idea once, but decided against it. All your friends get knocked off by hit men, you spend most of your time arguing with the D.A. and I get enough trouble with women bothering me in the street already, thank you. That happens a lot if you work in Soho . . . But apart from that, I've always said there is nothing like a good detective thriller.

Well, **The Sensuous Detective** is certainly nothing like one. But what it is, is a well-made adult movie that makes you think twice about why Philip Marlowe always wore a dirty raincoat – and why they called him a private dick, for that matter. The hero of this little caper is a typical gumshoe named MacDonald. His friends call him Big Mac – and not because he likes hamburgers. When we join him he's in bed with a very large female. But then his secretary arrives, so he quickly shows her the door – it's a pity she's too big to go through it.

"Measure up to my standards, guys?"



"I like my men this hard – and this long!"

The secretary is a stunning blonde with the kind of figure that could make a bishop kick a hole in a stained glass window. She surveys the scene and says: "If you live like a pig, you'll die like a rat." Either she's a pretty tough cookie or she's been reading too many Mickey Spillane novels – that's what a public-school education does for you.

Now, any good 'tec worth his knuckledusters knows that where there's a will there's usually a few murders; and, sure enough, people start dropping like innocent bystanders in a Charles Bronson movie. It's a nice idea this, to take a familiar movie plot and spice it up with titillating nudity. All the ingredients of the classic thriller are stirred in with Dirty Mac and his slinky secretary getting more than just information from suspects in the case. Compared to MacDonald, Mike Hammer looks like a backward choirboy!

So this is what they meant by "service not included"!

Finding myself in an investigative mood after the previous entry, I decided to accept the invitation of former Club favourite Linzi Drew to go down and interview her on board her luxury Thames houseboat. This is the sort of chore that confronts adult movie columnists all the time. It's a dirty job, but somebody's gotta do it. Anyway, I arrived to find lovely, long-limbed Linzi striding along the waterfront with a film crew in hot pursuit. Could this be *News At Ten* doing a story on Britain's second big bang? But then I recognized the director, Mike Behr, an old pal of mine who has already given the world such immortal video classics as *Bounce*, *Bouncing In The USA* and *Boob Talk* – this guy sees wobbling whoppers in his sleep!

The Kitten with more bounce to the ounce

FOUL·PLAY

*Until **U Watt** did some homework for this piece, he thought a driver was something that sat behind the wheel of a Vauxhall Astra, and that a five iron was used for pressing his shirts. As for his description of a hole-in-one, well . . .*

Mark Twain described it as "a good walk spoiled." G.K. Chesterton said it was "an expensive way of playing marbles." Seve Ballesteros would probably describe it as a very enjoyable way of making lots of money, but that's easy for him to say because he's good at it. What we're all talking about, Mark, G.K., Seve and I, is that frustrating yet irresistibly challenging game called golf.

Just watching the Pro-Celebrity matches on television should be enough to put anybody off setting foot on a golf course. Tarby plays golf and that in itself is good grounds for total abstention, but the effect of the sport on the likes of Forsyth, Corbett and Connery is particularly alarming. Now, in any other situation, Bruce Forsyth is a comic genius. But pay his green fee and he suddenly becomes patently unfunny; you can almost see the humour draining out of him. All first-time golfers must understand that the game will have the same effect on you. It is evil, but you will keep coming back to it.

Golf attracts vulnerable socialites. It is a social game, conducted (superficially) at a leisurely pace, ideal for idle chat and the rumination of ideas. If you want to catch a prospective client, invite him out on the golf course, tell him you're brilliant and then let him win.

And it is addictive. Just one good shot is all it takes to make you want to come back for more. One good shot is enough to reflect upon as you gulp Scotch in the 19th (Golfspeak for clubhouse). Never mind the putt on the 13th that ended up in the woods. Or the bunker shot on the fifth that disappeared into the nesting box in that big oak tree on the third. All this will be forgotten if you can just get one chip to pitch within six feet of the hole; just one drive that goes straight down the fairway; just one putt that follows the contours of the green perfectly to land with a satisfying plop in the hole.

If you ask me, the person who gets the most out of golf is the humble caddy. Often paid huge sums for his services to the greats, the caddy can remain aloof from the frustration and the nerves. All he has to do is pace out the distances of each hole and carry that enormous bag replete with everything from tees to teasmaidalarmclockradios.

Such things are necessary and standard for your modern professional, but the bags of the modern part-timer are invariably over-stocked. Take my advice; a driver, sand iron and putter are all you need.

A mild sedative may also be required. The side effects of golf are severe, manifesting themselves in the form of minor schizophrenia. Irritation is the most common effect, and this can lead to one of two things: 1) spiteful aggression or 2) pitiful self-abuse. A shanked tee shot will either be vociferously blamed on the opponent for breathing in a provocative manner, or on oneself for being an impotent no-hoper who couldn't co-ordinate a piss-up in the House of Lords and has never had much success with girls and probably never will after a shot like that, etc . . .

One good shot is enough to reflect upon as you gulp Scotch in the 19th (Golfspeak for clubhouse)

Of course (pardon the pun), those who are good at golf have got it made. Look at Ian Woosnam – yes, there he is, hiding behind the sugar bowl. Come on, Ian, let's have a look at you. A diminutive Welshman, what prospects could he possibly have had in life if the good Lord had not had the kindness of heart to bestow upon him the gift of smacking the ball really hard? Another Max Boyce? Heaven forbid!

Last year, little Woosie was (somewhat ironically) the highest earner on the European Tour. He also helped Tony Jacklin's European team to win the Ryder Cup in Uncle Sam's back yard for the first time ever. But while success is a cherished rarity, spare a thought for the poor amateur who, after 56 years of swearing and flinging his putter through the clubhouse window, is still waiting for a par on the 18th.

The bloody game's addictive, but there's no "Easy Guide To Giving Up Golf", no detoxification clinics, no self-help groups. Society has no mercy for the innocent sufferer. There should at least be a warning on every clubhouse door. Something original, something catchy, but to the point. Something like *"Golf: Don't Die Of Ignorance."* ♣

PHUTT
ADIDIKE
HARDMAN

TAPED!

Tracy Neve in Megaboobs – *what else?*

The optician gets a real eyeful in Taking It Off

It turned out they were shooting scenes for **I Love Linzi – The Movie**, a magnum epic designed to do for Linzi what Luncheon Vouchers did for Cynthia Payne. “Would you like to be in it as well?” asked Mike.

“Is the Pope Polish?” I politely replied. This was to be my big moment. Lights, camera, action . . . Hold on, what about some make-up? So there I was, talking to luscious Linzi Drew about her modelling and stripping career while she loomed over me in a dress cut so low, I could almost see what she had had for lunch.

“When you're doing your strip act, how do you handle hecklers?” I asked. “Oh, I usually just go over and sit on their face,” the chirpy Bristol-born beauty replied. After a few more such penetrating exchanges, Linzi suggested we continue the session in the bathroom because she had to get ready for a later date. The low-cut dress hit the ground, closely followed by my eyeballs. You'll have to see the movie to find out what happened next. I'm seeing my local travel agent before the news gets around.

Finally we come over – I mean we come *to* – two new releases from **Electric Blue**. The first is called **Megaboobs**, and offers “over 36 dual-domed damsels to cause you distress”. It's a feast of topless titillation that's a must for the man who likes his women to breast the tape at 40 inches plus. The hero of the piece is Brian Bonkworth, the harried owner of a chic lingerie boutique who has had one-way mirrors installed in the changing rooms so he can ogle a never-ending stream of cracking crumpet. One by one they try things on: so, too, does Brian, but he always gets his face slapped afterwards – until he gets together with delightful Debee Ashby for a backroom bunk-up that nearly ruined my horizontal hold.

Last – but definitely not least – comes a brand new **E.B. Nude Wives Spectacular**, in which an ample selection of domestic damsels get 'em off for your private viewing pleasure. These horny amateur flashers include a busty blonde in leotards who has a point when she says: “Most guys would rather poke me than poke a fire!” Then a curly-topped temptress who likes rubbing ice cubes on her nipples, a slim brunette who exercises in patriotic Union Jack shorts, and a randy-looking creature who proudly dubs herself “a tight fit” and says her boyfriend likes to follow her around on all-fours and take her from behind when she's bending over the freezer. No wonder they're both banned from Tesco's! ♣

***Taking It Off** is available from Impact Video*
***Shape Up** is available from Hi-Pressure Video, 1 Bedford Avenue, London WC1 3DT*
***The Sensuous Detective** is available from Harmony Video*
***I Love Linzi** is available from Danskfoto, No 5, 551 Pinner Road, North Harrow, Middlesex HA2 6EQ*
***Electric Blue Megaboobs** and **Nude Wives Spectacular** are available from the Electric Blue shop, 287 Pentonville Road, London N1 9NP*

One of Linzi's mates: she's obviously in good company!

UNCOVERED

*Smelly, naughty and naff. Do we mean this month's books, or reviewer **Chris Lloyd**? A toss-up, really . . .*

It's a raw fact of life that some pick-ups go astray, and we're not talking hot panel vans here. So what *do* you do when the whole force of a personality isn't cutting ice or mustard with the opposite sex? Well, Josephine Addison would recommend that you purchase a copy of her Love Potions (Robinson – £5.95), subtitled “A Book of Charms and Omens” and billed as “the romantic book of the world”.

Now, here's some of that wickedly powerful data to be going on with: mix lettuce with a soup made from the powdered genitalia of a timid bull, and you've got a lethal aphrodisiac to tinker around with. Or if a girl's getting bothered by a bloke she doesn't fancy, she should hand him a hazel twig. (What happened to the tear-gas lipstick canister?) Then you could always eat hare before visiting your sweetheart, to remain beautiful all week. And so on. All this gossamer hoodoo is illustrated by a dame who was clocked painting by the author in the window of Liberty's. I mean, they're some really dandy watercolours, which won't run off the page if your tear ducts are feeling treacherous.

Maybe, romance is right back on the map, or something. Because, if Potions isn't enough for you, why not make it a double-bill with Aromantics (Pan – £4.95) and, as they say, attract a particular sexual partner by using blends of natural oils? Let's see, there's citrus (squirt some in his/her eyes to grab some attention), or jasmine to douche with for better orgasms, even some ginger, but “never more than one drop per pint”. All these scents have human qualities, you know. Cypress is “proud and enigmatic”. Lavender has a steadying influence on the psyche. Look, it's all yours for a blue note, but me, I'm going back to my belfry to breed some bats.

I had better break the news to you about “Celeste Arden”. Although it says in the preface to Dreams Of Fair Women (Star – £2.50) that she's been waitressing and stuff, this is still a strictly *male* point-of-view erotic quest. A mysterious, note-taking character, Monsieur Smith strides from brothel to Land's End in search of a girl who will make him do what she wants, not what she thinks he wants her to make him do. Can you grasp that?

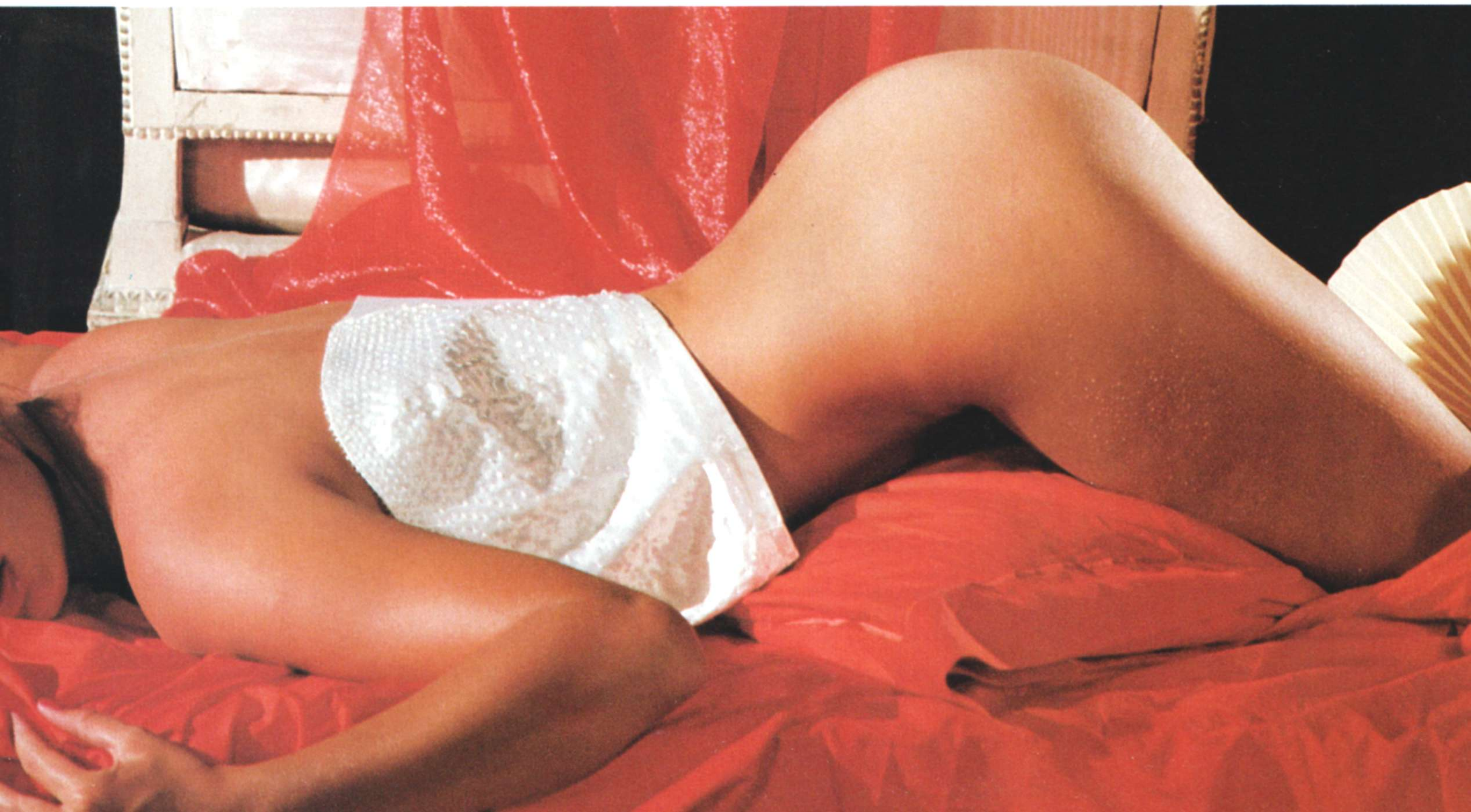
Right, well, as it happens, there is such a place where dames call all the shots, even though the results are hardly mind-boggling. In fact, the erotics are humdrum variations on an ancient theme, but I'm afraid, against a choice of herbs or elixirs, it has an edge. Nothing you could cut bread with, though.

When I had the misfortune to receive a copy of *The Complete Naff Guide*, I had that certain sinking feeling that Bryson, Fitzherbert and Legris weren't done with the word, that they were playing with it the way children ram index fingers up their nostrils to dislodge a very resilient piece of snot. Two books later, we have The Naff Yearbook 1988 (Grafton – £2.95), and it's still up there taking the sly, educated piss out of sitting ducks. As an alternative to it, I strongly suggest that you sleep with a waxwork. ♣

Jerry

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB ROSS

When Jerry Summers, from Richmond, breezed into the studio wearing nothing under her jacket but a pair



of erect nipples, we were speechless. Do you *always* make such an impression, Jerry? "I hope so! I really get off on walking round in just a coat with nothing underneath. The way my tits and pussy rub against the material just makes me ache for sex. As you can tell from these pictures, it really is a turn-on." Certainly is, darlin' – but doesn't it get you into trouble sometimes? "Definitely – that's the whole idea!" ♣

g o i

OUT

Tarantella
Palace
TIVOLI
Heineken
TOPLESS
CARRO

After I'd checked in, the receptionist gave me the keys to my room. "The large one is for the door, the one in the middle opens the mini-bar and the small, black one . . . you can put that in the TV if you want to see a good adult movie at extra cost."

Amsterdam, of course. You go there, and you think the Permissive Society was born there. Its Red Light district makes Soho seem as tame as a drugged hamster, and any visitor to Holland's biggest city usually reckons it to be *the* place to go. But, as far as mistaken assumptions go, that's a biggie: years ago the Red Light district had both a good and a bad reputation. These days, the bad one is the only one left.

Sure, for a daytime or early evening wander around – fine. But if a long, healthy life comes near the top of your list of requirements, don't go there at night: even the cops never venture out on patrol in groups of less than four, armed to the teeth. The Old Bill over there have lost control to such an extent, it's not unusual to see a junkie shoot his heroin just outside the police station.

The red lights that still shine look as though they're burning on half-power, and the hookers in the windows look tired, drunk and dirty. And, in common with Soho, almost all the sex clubs and bars are just an enormous fucking rip-off.

But if you're still determined to fly in the face of expert advice *(You what? – Ed.)*, I can honestly only recommend two places – but these are *pretty hot*, believe me.

The first is **Casa Rosso**. Get a cab to take you there, but don't for a minute accept the cabbie's "good advice" about where to go: he'll only dump you at the place where he gets the highest commission. Ask him to take you to Casa Rosso, Achterburgwaal 106. For the admission fee of about £25, you can sit for hours watching very reasonable live action, including striptease and no-holds-barred lesbian stuff. You can drink yourself under the table, too, because as much booze as you can handle is included in the price.

And here's an interesting snippet about Casa Rosso: it used to be situated at another Red Light location, but some level-headed chappie, upset at the ending of his relationship with one of the club's strippers, poured gallons of petrol over the place and set fire to it. Result: one burned-out club, 27 fatalities. Just one of those things, I suppose.

Now, most of the clubs in this part of town will bring out the Devil in you, but maybe not all of them can do it to the extent that **Club Walburgia** will. This establishment, at Achterburgwaal 37, is owned and run by The Church of Satan. No kidding.

All the strippers and hookers in the club are yer actual Sisters of Satan – yes, they really do believe in, pray to and respect Old Nick. The Minister of Satan, and also the owner of the club, is one Joost Lamers. Not only is he boss to about 20,000 Brothers and Sisters of Satan in Amsterdam, he has his finger in just about every pie in the Red Light area.

At the club entrance, the dressed-in-black Sisters of Satan will ask you for a rather hefty £12 or so (well, what the hell, eh!). Your arrival time is programmed into a computer, and you're allowed to stay for 30 minutes, again including free

Jacqueline's TIVOLI
Nightclub
TIVOLI

DEO
BINES
rogramma's

Never let it be said that the Red Light joints in Amsterdam leave you in any doubt as to what goes on inside! How much of it you get, and how much you have to pay . . . well, that's another thing altogether

g CH

If you're after some serious sex this spring, go East to Amsterdam – but go carefully. Luckily, you have a guide through the rip-'em-off rip-offs: top men's mag photographer Tim Scott knows the area better than the underside of his pecker, and he's dying to tell you all about it . . .

drinks. If you stay over, you'll be stung for about 50p for each *minute*. Of course, the sweet Sisters will pull out all the stops to persuade you to stay all bloody night.

Just like the Red Lion at the bottom of your road, the girls in the bar lie just inches from your glass, wanking themselves with candle holders, whisky bottles or bananas. And every girl at the club – where, incidentally, trying to take a picture is . . . well, *not* a good idea – has given herself over to Satan, body and soul. She sells her body several times every night, the proceeds of which line Mr Lamers' pockets. Generous to a fault, he gives the girls a bit of pocket money and a couple of grammes of cocaine or marijuana every now and then.

You wouldn't believe the lengths the girls go to, to get you to stay in the place (after your initial 30 mins is up). Every one of them is always on the move doing something, the idea being to keep you ogling them and *not* your watch. But how about this: just as I was drinking up, ready to be on my way, one girl grabbed hold of me, yanked my zip down, pulled out my cock and started to toss me off. Now, I'm as partial to a good hand job as the next man, but I only had 42 seconds to make the door before going into excess charge. I zipped myself up and left, wondering if Lucifer might belt me one with a bolt of lightning for resisting his temptation.

By the way, the reason why cameras are taboo in Walburgia isn't because the girls are shy (I think I've made that much pretty obvious); no, it's just that the boys in blue would be *very* interested to know that certain girls have sought sanctuary within its walls. I'd rather take the rap.

Well, how do you follow that? Preferably with a bit of supper and an early night, but if you've got the taste for sleaze, you won't run out of places to go.

And while Walburgia and Rosso are the only two joints I'd *recommend*, I can at least offer some other *suggestions*. Thorbeckeplein is nothing but a huge square crammed with sex clubs and theatres, the best of which is **Club Tivoli**. No live shows here, but you can sit at the bar and watch high-class striptease from 10pm till the early hours. If all the action has made your percy pine for relief, the hookers in Tivoli are as young and good-looking as you'll find anywhere in the city.

None of the other clubs on Thorbeckeplein are up to much, but the one place I would avoid *at all costs* is **Madame**, a small, dirty, seedy place staffed by rip-off merchants of the highest order. If only our fire-

Left: *"You sure I can't get you another bottle of Chateau Ribena at £50, big boy?" Rip-offs await you with open arms on every street corner, but some places give you generous drinks-included deals*

LIVE MODELS
CABINS
NON-STOP

Stockings and suspender men will see enough in Amsterdam to make their eyes water. In fact, whatever your fetish, there's more than likely someone, somewhere in town, who's willing to lighten your wallet to satisfy your lust

bombing friend had gone for this joint . . .

If you really want to go for it, check out the private-club scene. Quite simply, these are whore houses. A couple of hours in a club like this is going to set you back at least £150, so it's important you make sure you're not being ripped off.

Pick out the clubs you're interested in (we've listed some at the end of the article) and phone them up. Check out the prices and make sure they'll come and pick you up: most clubs have private limos, and they'll be only too happy to collect you. You see, as I mentioned earlier, the taxi drivers have to get their cut, and if the clubs don't make it well worth their while, the cabbies will just take the punters elsewhere. If you arrive at a private club under your own steam, or get them to collect you, they'll usually split the saved cab driver's tip with you.

Big deal, you might think, considering you're forking out 150 big ones anyway. But the deal includes leg-over and drinks – and maybe even a good live show – so bear that in mind. The really good places, such as **Yab-Yum** and **Eldorado**, are situated in really nice private houses or luxury apartments. One to avoid, though: **Chatterly's** in Leidseplein. A real shitehole.

If the old ball sac's filled up again overnight and you wake up feeling refreshed and rampant, you could always saunter around the sex museum at Damrak 36: antique sex machines, early condoms (unused), piles of porno mags and pictures. Quite interesting stuff, really, and it should take you up to lunchtime, when much of the Red Light area comes to life again.

Most of the peep-show joints are open around this time, and – like peep shows anywhere – they're cheap in every sense of the word. The best is **Show World** on Nieuwedijk (open 24 hours). As well as peep shows, they offer live shows, striptease and – from the comfort of your own booth – hardcore videos that make *Electric Blue* look like *Neighbours*.

The city, then, is exactly what you make of it. You could come back from a long weekend £300 worse off and not even know where it went, or you could spend half that and come back pissed, shagged and happy. It's up to you.♣

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Melissa

When we were told about Melissa by our photographer, his ears were still steaming from the session he'd had with her. In fact, he hasn't stopped grinning since. So we decided we'd better

Photographs by Jack Harrison

investigate this horny lady for ourselves'. Phew! We can honestly say that Melissa has got the biggest pair of bedroom eyes in the Western Hemisphere. One flash of those peepers

and we knew why our hapless photographer had been KO'd. We've got the best shots of that bedroom session exclusively for you. We asked Melissa what *she* thought of the session: "Incredible. Rolling around on satin sheets always makes me really horny

– and I think the expression on my face shows *how* much I was enjoying myself!" Say no more, Melissa, but what about all the black gear? "In a word – SEX. I wear black constantly because it makes me feel totally fuckable. Men go *wild* over black – especially the stockings. And of course, I always aim to satisfy." ♣

FICTION

GIVING IN TO TEMPTATION

It was just another case for Chase. As a hard-boiled Private Dick he'd seen it all before: the men, the women, even the dildos . . . But this client was different. Or was she?

by Gregory Green

I was sitting around the outer office, under Holland's desk (Holland's my secretary) with my head up her skirt and my tongue between her legs. It's an agreement we have, all right? Then these black satin pumps and charcoal-grey stockings came in through the door. I could hear the click of her heels above the clatter Holland was making on her IBM.

"Mr. Chase," the pumps told Holland, with a voice that could thaw relations with the Soviets. *Mr. Chase*, I told myself, unloosening lips from Holland's labia majora. *That's me!*

"He's on a case," Holland quickly and firmly said, "in Constantinople."

"Mmmphh aaesth," I said, rolling Holland back in her chair and raising my eyes to the level of the desk. I almost swallowed the little pill of Holland's black garter. Wow! The heels and hose were tied to carnal temptation. Short, dark hair curled softly around almond-black eyes, etched brows, blushed cheeks and blood-red lips in a shadow matte finish: the kind of face you'd like to fuck until your dick dropped off.

"Mr. Chase?" it asked, eyebrows up.

And not without reason. For there sat my secretary tipped back in the chair, her legs still loosely tentacled about my neck, skirt tossed carelessly back, her slathered clit staring my client right in the face.

"A pleasure," I smiled, prying the thighs from my cheeks. "This is my secretary," I added, giving Holland back her panties, "Ms. Sweet."

"I'm sure," Temptation told me.

Holland smiled. "He does me every day for lunch."

"This way," I said, stepping lightly around the desk.

"Of course, I plan the menu," Holland went on.

"My office," I perspired, touching Temptation on the shoulder.

"With dildos for dessert," persisted my secretary.

"It was actually a lost contact lens," I told my visitor, trying to get the door closed.

"Dildos and cream."

"She's working on a novel," I explained, steering Temptation toward the client's chair. "About hormones or something."

"And you," Temptation smiled, "were helping with her research."

"Contact lens," I reminded her.

She nodded. "I'd almost forgotten."

I nodded, too. I don't know why. I could have drooled or dribbled.

"Someone's watching me," she said.

"What?"

"Someone is watching me."

"I'm sorry," I said, shaking lust from the tip of my nose. She tugged at her skirt. "No, you misunderstand. I didn't mean *you*."

"You didn't?"

She bit blood-red lips. Shook her head. "Um-mm."

It was truly one of those tender moments that don't grow on trees. Her sobs were as big as her tits. Deep grieving. A little something for my shoulder, perhaps?

I'd never know, because the door opened and Holland had the nerve to say: "The high heels you ordered just arrived by messenger. Do you want me to put my leather gear on?"

"Her mother," I said, after the door had closed, "was in the circus."

Temptation nodded. That seemed to explain it.

"Now, this *someone*," I said, dropping a fresh tape into the deck on the desk. "This someone that's been watching you, assuming that it's not me . . ." I smiled, but got nothing in return. "Do you want him stopped?"

"I don't know," she told me. "You'd have to ask my husband. I just want what he already has on me."

I reached over and turned off the machine. No use wasting new tape on old stories. Secure middle-management executives marry rising corporate cunt 12 times a minute in this country; move into a house with grounds and worry about the young guns in Research and Development; hire detectives to find out about the wife's new and sudden interest in bowling. Hell, I'd cased a carload of cunts myself, always hired by a suspicious husband. I took her name and her cheque and walked her out the door. "Don't worry," I told her. "We'll get this thing straightened out."

Holland sniffed. "It was straightened out when she came in."

I confronted Holland. "You didn't like our visitor . . ." I looked at the cheque. ". . . Mrs Valerie Quinn-Sachs."

Holland blew air through her nose. "Did you?"

"Well," I said, sitting down on her desk, dangling my legs over the edge, "I've never met tits lovely enough to call by name. Quinn-Sachs."

Holland rolled up in her chair, unbuttoned her blouse and unholstered her own tickets. "So let me introduce you," she said, palming the monsters, "to King Kong and Godzilla." And over the next hour and a quarter those two did everything but breathe fire and eat Cleveland.

I was back in my apartment under a cold shower before the repercussions finally deadened in my ear. And then I was on the freeway headed north before the nipple flashes finally faded from before my eyes. It was only when I was parked down the road from the Quinn-Sachs house with the windows turned down that I

started breathing anything but flesh again. King Kong and Godzilla. I would have called them Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Anyway, that's what I was thinking as I watched the lights in the house jump from window to window in a second-floor wing. Mrs Quinn-Sachs putting on her bowling face. My counterpart probably in the long grass somewhere, waiting to put a tail on her. Me, I've got to be there to ride in the wake, wait for a seam, nail him to the wall, see what he has, what he wants for it. Infidelity was down on everybody's card.

But Mrs. Quinn-Sachs never left for the lanes. 7.30, 8.00, 8.30: I was beginning to wonder if Mr Middle-Management Quinn-Sachs had her tied to the four-poster upstairs, a ball gag between her capped teeth, maybe a small-calibre handgun nudged against her temple.

It wasn't a pretty sight, but it had a lot of potential; especially for a guy sitting in a dark car on a deserted road with nothing to do but think up perverted fantasies. Her silver lamé bowling shirt fallen across the plush carpet. Her black stretchpants in a twisted heap. One two-toned Gucci bowling slipper. The big six at the heel set in rhinestones . . . or were those diamonds?

I was trying to decide which I preferred when a set of headlights behind me died and a late-model T-Bird drifted past me off the hill and headed silently through the arched gate at the bottom of the drive, rolled halfway up the hill and stopped on the emergency brake. I could hear it grind.

I disabled the domelights, holstered up my piece and left the car on the siding off the hill, walking down the fence line to the cottage stone gate where I watched someone unloading the dark Bird, hauling a load of stuff further up the drive to a garage set off from the house. Couldn't make out what he was carrying, but to me he was overequipped for simple adultery. I couldn't figure this one.

I was headed north before the nipple flashes faded

After he got the last of the stuff up the hill I gave him a few minutes, then walked up the drive. I made the Bird with nothing much happening, so I tried for the garage, a stuccoed box with a flat roof. Dark windows without curtains, an open stairway hung on the outside wall. No sign of the guy from the Bird, or my union brother. I was alone on the hill, standing in some of the light that spilled from the windows of the house in behind the trees.

The garage doors were locked. No lights showed in the cracks. I tried the stairs up to two, but the nails screeched in the weathered wood. I didn't draw any gunfire, but I didn't try another step, either. If the guy in the Bird was up there, I would have heard him make the climb.

Keeping to the shadows, I made my way around to the back where someone had cut a garden into the soft earth: beans, bell peppers and an aluminium extension ladder growing up to the roof. If it was eloping he had on his mind, the guy had made a serious tactical mistake. If it wasn't, the mistake was mine. I unholstered the gun for balance and started up the ladder, eyes pasted to the edge of the roof.

The guy from the Bird was set up for video, maybe 15

continued on page 62

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Kirsty

If you live in or around Brighton and you've been the victim of a kissogram girl in the past year or so, look very carefully at these pictures of Kirsty.

PHOTOS BY BOB ROSS

Yes, it could very well be that the French maid who sat on your lap, squirming into your hard-on as she read you a dirty poem, or the "schoolgirl" whose nipples pressed hard against her shirt as she planted a birthday kiss on your smacker, was none other than the truly beautiful 24-year-old Kirsty. "I had a really wonderful time doing the kissograms," reveals Kirsty, "even though I've

never worked so hard in my life. My reputation must have gone before me, and people

started ringing up the agency and asking for me by name. I was getting so many bookings, they even increased my share of the

fee!" We can see why Kirsty had the lads clamouring for her services. But was it *just* her looks that had 'em queueing up? "Well, let's just say I never shirked from giving the client a flash of my tits or a grope of his balls. I aim to please – whatever it is I do – and I suppose word just spread. That's why I'm here posing for Club International." To which we can only say – thank fuck for the grapevine. ♣

Kirsty

club

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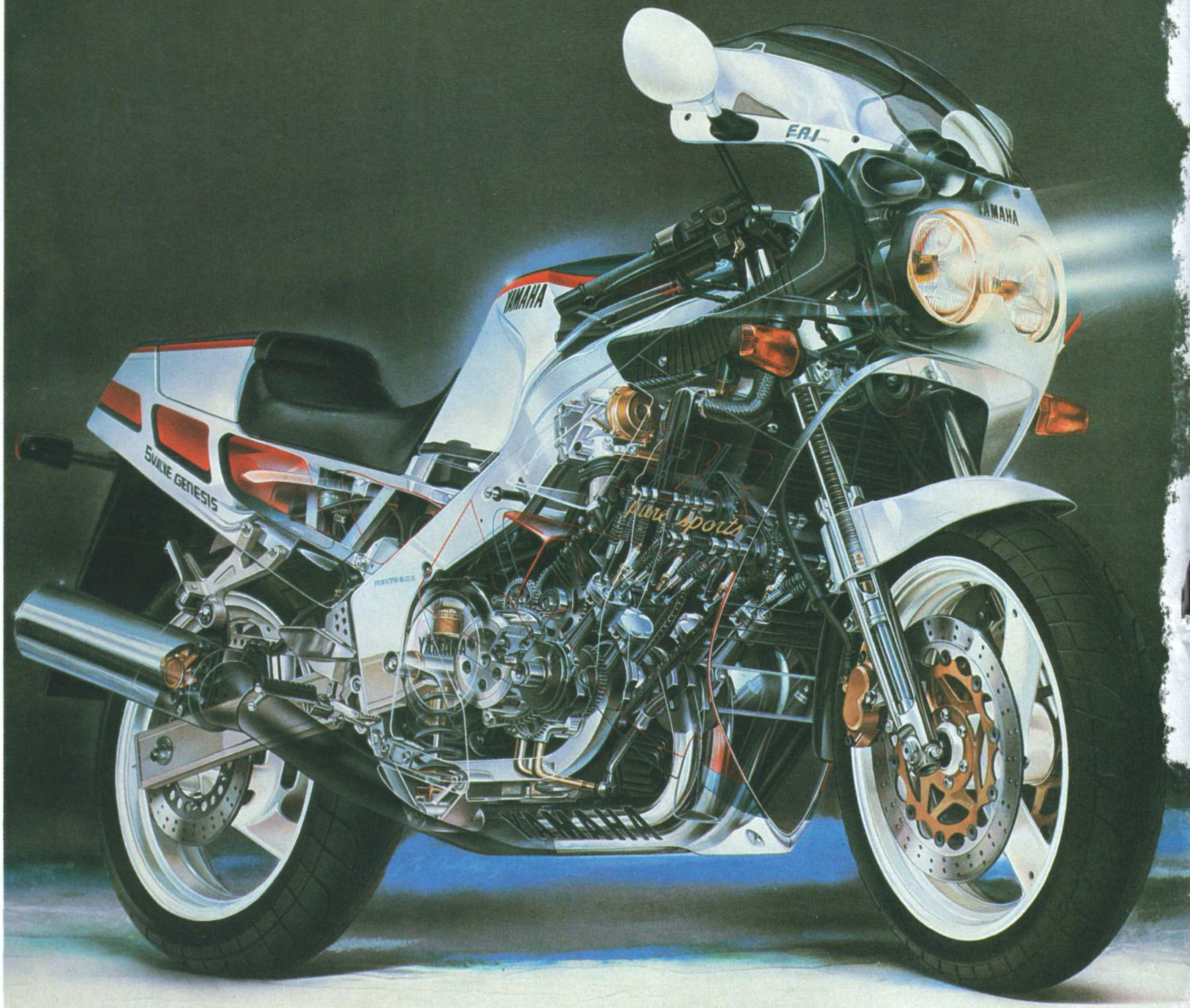
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YAMAHA

RACING AHEAD

PHOTOGRAPHED BY Nikki

NIKKI DOWNEY is probably THE model to emerge from the 80s. Her face – and most of the rest of her – are certainly pleasingly familiar to readers of this organ. But there's a side to Nikki that no one's seen before. Until now. We've snapped (no excuses for the pun) her up to show us her skills as a glamour photographer, and to give us the inside info on what *really* goes on at a Club International picture shoot. Look and learn . . .

Hi, guys! You'll be pleased to know I have a really hot sizzler for you this month, to get your throbbing dicks standing to attention.

The basic idea was sparked off by the letters you've been sending in – you *wicked* lot! Some of the ideas were outrageously wild – and we'll be featuring them in the coming issues . . . But let's get on with the action. This pert pair of cheeks and supple, pouting breasts, together with the amazingly lickable lips, combine to produce the ultimate orgasmic delight – Sammy.

Sammy made one request before we started the day's shoot – she wanted to keep her boots on for the entire day. Apparently, she finds wearing them while being photographed a huge turn-on

(and I must say I found them quite inspiring as well!). We spent half an hour discussing the many multiple orgasms we've each had in our thigh boots, and this made us both feel rather horny and definitely ready to get things started.

Sammy's perfect physique excited me so much, I could hardly wait for the action to start. As I positioned her on the set (made up of cushions from my bed), I was eagerly anticipating the prospect of using my camera to probe her voluptuous body – and all for you guys to drool over.

As I took the first pictures, Sammy wriggled around on the set to find the perfect pose, but something wasn't quite right. Before long, it struck me what was wrong – her creamy boobs were conspicuous by their absence. I'd need to get 'em out. I leaned over, and peeled back the lace of her basque (oooh, that lace!). They felt warm as I released them from the tight confines of the cups, and I could feel the erect, pink nipples tremble as I brushed across them. I had to literally force myself back behind the camera.

Sammy is a natural, and

every pose was filled with erotic suggestion – I *knew* this shoot was going to be a hot one! I was finding it increasingly difficult to focus the camera, as all I could focus on were those erect nipples. I tried to think of a cold shower or something, but by this time my skimpy panties were saturated by my warm, uncontrollable juices. I told Sammy I would have to take them off to cool myself down, to which she said: "I know how you feel." Off they came.

Alex, the assistant, had picked up the other camera to take the background shots which I know you all enjoy so much. I find it immensely thrilling to have a lens scrutinising my body while I'm doing just that to another girl. And it was a good excuse for me to move in closer on the set – and to check out Sammy's make-up, among other things. She had smudged her lipstick slightly, so I leaned over to wipe the stray traces of red from her chin. The air around her was filled with the aroma of perfume and hot sex (not all of it hers, of course). Behind me, Alex was drooling as Sammy threw him highly-suggestive glances: one look at the fly of his jeans and I could see the buttons were under tremendous strain, the poor thing. It was obvious none of us really had our minds on the shoot, so I called it a day.

So there we were, two extremely aroused females and poor Alex with an enormous hard-on – what could we do? Well, I'll leave you to draw your own conclusions about what went on in the studios for the rest of the day – but, needless to say, we were all totally drained afterwards. A most rewarding day's shoot, I'd say . . .

I think this puts a whole new angle on the old "Puss in Boots" story, don't you? I just hope your next adventure with a "pussy in boots" will be as pleasurable as mine. Let me know how you get on – and keep your ideas rolling in for future shoots. I've received some *very* interesting suggestions so far!

Happy hunting . . . ♣

Nikki

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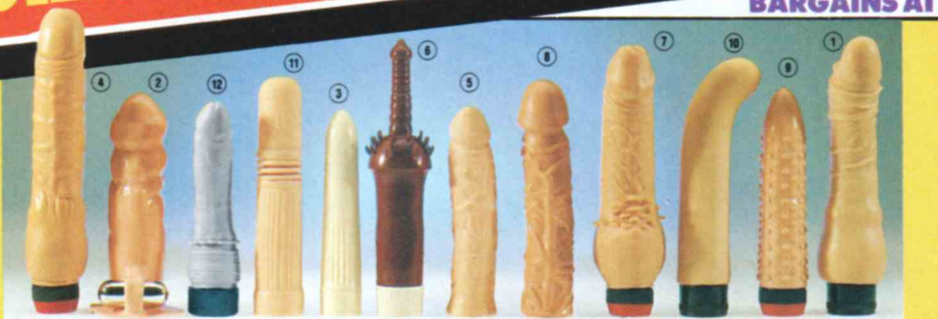

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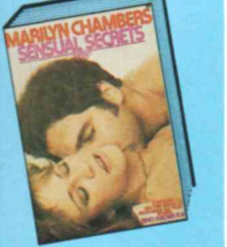

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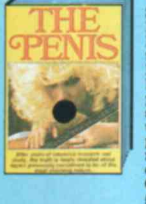

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LETTERS TO Nikki

I want your letters, boys – and I want 'em to be horny! Send your contributions to me – Nikki Downey, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Dear Nikki,

I am writing to say that the quality of your pictures in Vol 16 No 10 is fantastic. Your photography is better than anybody else's I've ever seen; the colour and lights blend together perfectly. Could you please tell me how you decide everything is right for print, because I'm no good with a camera. By the way, would it be possible to have a photograph of a model wearing a nurse's uniform and black tights? A lot of men find it very sexy for women to wear uniform, just as a lot of women find men sexy wearing uniform. My wife is a ward sister at the same hospital I work at, and it really turns us on seeing each other in uniform every day! Keep up the good work. – Michael, Manchester

Thanks for your compliments about my photography – I feel like a real professional now! And I'm certainly considering your uniform suggestions; I quite fancy myself in a hockey kit. Those long, hard sticks – mmmm!

Dear Nikki,

The pics of you in Vol 17 No 1 are the most dick-thickening I have ever seen! I just had to say that: I have always found you the sexiest model around, but the session of you with your accountant, Laura, really made my spunk swell. I had to go and wank myself off straight away – and, being an accountant myself, it brought back fond memories of an encounter I had with a client of mine a couple of years ago.

The lady in question was the wife of a long-standing client who had just retired, so I had to sort out his finances. She was much younger than him – about 35 – with a pert, pointy pair of tits and the kind of pins a man only dreams about. That day, she walked into my office in a little red suit with a microscopic skirt, and very high patent court shoes. But best of all, she wore black, seamed stockings which rippled all up those delicious legs as she came in. I was glad I was sitting down, so that my desk hid my enormous hard-on!

We got down to business (financial, unfortunately!) and as we went through the books, she leant over my desk and I caught a whiff of her delicious perfume. I drew in my breath, and at the same time, she looked down at my crotch and looked right at the enormous bulge in my trousers. An amused look came over her face, and her moist, pink tongue flicked out to lick her lips: and to my surprise, her hand reached down and drew down my zip. She pulled out my hard cock and weighed it up in her palm.

"You're better-endowed than I expected," she smiled, as she rubbed her hands round the throbbing shaft. Well, this was almost more than a man can stand, and I groaned as she bent down and circled the tip with her lips. As I leaned back in my chair, she took my cock further back into her throat, licking and sucking as her hands tickled my balls.

Somehow, I had managed to remove her skirt, and felt the damp patch on her panties as I started to rub her clit. As I continued, her panties were soaked with her juices as I fingered deeper inside her pussy. I knew I was about to come because of the amazing things her tongue was doing to my shaft, and all I could do was squeak a warning as I shot my cream into the back of her throat. Almost at the same time she shuddered, and gave a scream which I was convinced would bring my secretary rushing in any minute! My hand was saturated as she flooded her pussy with her juices.

Both covered in come, we grinned at each other as we tried to recover ourselves and present a normal face to the world. She removed her wet panties and placed them in my desk, before silently handing me her card and leaving without a word.

Needless to say, we get down to business on a regular basis these days; and I still keep her panties in my desk to have a sneaky wank into if I can't wait until our next appointment! – Robert, Edinburgh

I like the idea of leaving cum-stained panties as a "calling card". I have been known to do it myself . . .

Dear Nikki,

After I saw the photo of you on the cover of Vol 16 No 12, I just had to write to you with my fantasy of what I'd like to do to you. I can tell you, the sight of you in that wonderful pink romper suit on the cover of Club almost got me thrown out of the newsagent's! I fantasize about you all the time, but this one is my particular favourite.

I am on a bus late at night, and you are the conductress. Your grey uniform is pulled tight over your body, showing off your wonderful curves. As you take my fare, the bus lurches and you fall into my lap; you land on my rock hard crotch, and I can feel your quim steaming through your skirt. I put my hand up there and massage your lovely cunt until I bring you to a shuddering orgasm which you can't hold back. You are still so wet for me, I have to lick you out until you come again.

By this time, the bus is in the garage and everyone has gone. We realize we are locked in, and a wicked grin appears on your beautiful face as you realize I am yours for the night! We spend the whole night sucking and fucking on the bus, until the garage re-opens.

Well, Nikki, I think you'll agree this is quite a fantasy – what do you think? I'd love to be able to put it into practice some day! – Nigel, Staffs

What do I think? I think that, instead of "Nigel, Staffs", it should read "Nigel's Stiff". And I'd like to be sitting on it.

Dear Nikki,

I just had to write and say that I think you are the most beautiful and sexy lady in the world. I always turn to your pictures first, and looking at your round, soft curves, your eyes that sparkle like stars, the divine firmness and swell of your tits, and your juicy pussy sends me weak at the knees.

Many is the time I have wanked over pictures of you, and the fantasies are too numerous to tell here, but I will tell you my favourite. We are both lying naked on a four-poster bed. I begin by kissing and licking you all over; I stop at your nipples, which I suck and nibble till they are proud and erect. While I am doing this I am fingering your clit slowly, bringing you nearer to orgasm. I replace my fingers with my mouth, and I lick and suck you to a shuddering climax.

By now my prick is hard and throbbing and I can't wait much longer. I turn you over; you are now kneeling on the bed and I take you doggy-style, then lean forward and play with your nipples. Our lovemaking comes to a sudden, overwhelming climax, after which we lie in each other's arms, French kissing till we fall asleep. It's usually at that point that I wake up, feeling very disappointed that you are not there. Still, we can't have everything, I suppose!

That's when I get out the pictures and tissues. – Steve, Kent

The thought of you wanking over pictures of me, Steve, is incredibly horny. In fact, I can feel myself getting wet just thinking about it. A romp in a four-poster is something I've never experienced – but hopefully I soon will. Keep the tissues handy! ♣

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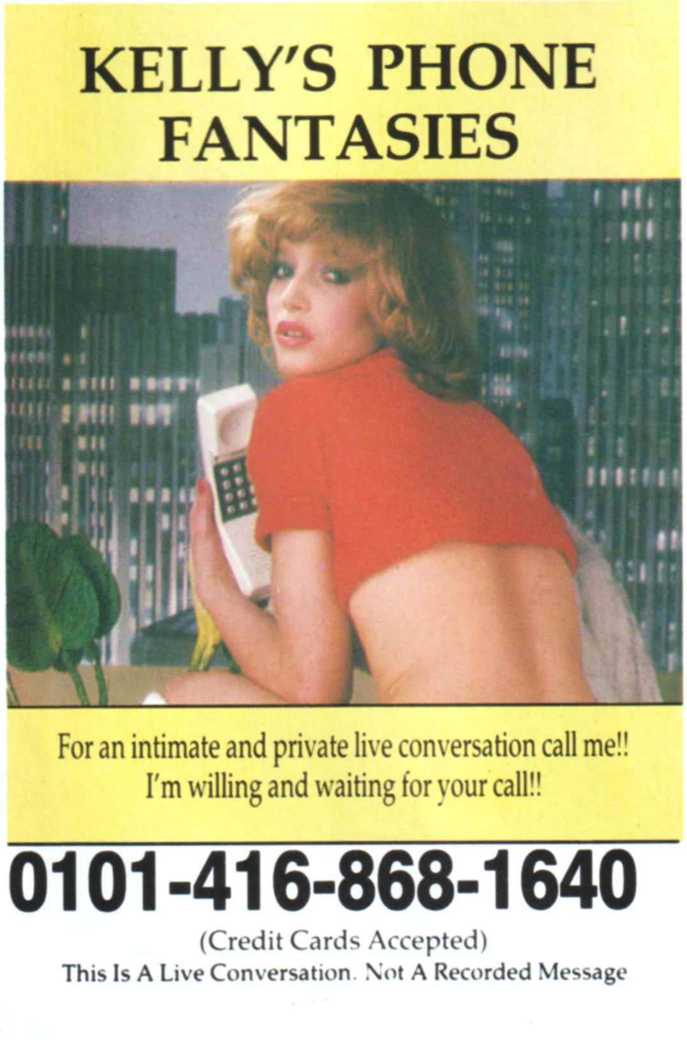
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GIVING IN TO TEMPTATION

continued from page 42

yards from a huge window cut into the second storey of the house. Camera, lights, and plenty of action. The window was flooded with light *and* Mrs Quinn-Sachs in a knee-length evening dress of something satiny and black. The bodice was strapless and heavily-boned like a corset, with a silk ruffled edge. The skirt was full and heavily-petticoated in tiers of black nylon. Her stockings were dark and her black pumps high – as high as the hair piled on top of her head.

She saw me, I think, as I stepped up on to the roof, but her expression never changed. The guy from the Bird had his head buried in the camera, cassette whirring.

I unholstered the gun and started up the ladder

There must have been music inside the house. Valerie was swirling the skirt to some measured beat, but her face remained flat, disinterested, a little tired, maybe bored.

And unusually sultry, I thought, moving in closer – not to crowd the guy with the camera, but to get a better look at Valerie. She seemed to be hearing a harder drive to the music, because damned if she didn't wave her skirt at the lens, flashing taut, black garters against polar-white thighs.

"Are you getting this all on tape?" I asked the guy at the camera.

He nearly fell off the roof. "How'nthefuck . . ."

"Never mind that now," I told him, both eyes in the window across the yard. "Just keep that tape rolling." And he did.

"Who's she got in there?" I asked the cameraman out of the side of my mouth. Valerie was rerunning the last play from the reverse angle. Bakery soft buns in a black nylon wrapper. An ass hot enough to cream butter. "Chairman of the fucking board?"

"Who wants to know?" he asked me, fooling with the angles.

I put the gun up in the holster to cool and gave the guy a second look. "Family," I told him, taking my union badge from my pocket and letting him read the large print. "On the girl's side."

"Shit," he said, for no reason that I could see, so I turned back to the girl who had turned back toward us, her sheer panties unsnapping at her waist and ricocheting round her stockinged thigh.

"Say, listen," I said. "Can you get in tight on that? I'll need a copy for my files."

But the guy behind the lens was busy again with his angles as a new player crawled into the shot, an old guy, wrinkled to the bone, a bonnet tied to his bald head. Quite dapper in his diaper, I thought. DeMille was going in for a full frame of the face. If this had been a silent movie, now would have been the time for the title to replace the picture on the screen. White on black with a lot of lacework on the border. THE HUSBAND! I gasped.

The loving mother with the two last names waved her pacifier in baby's face and made the little bastard coo. Touching scene. Slipped the bonnet from his head and powdered his polished dome. Laid her ancient bambino out on a blanket on the bed, undid his diapers and shook his rattle until it burst. Then burped him.

The show was over. Cecil B. had this one in the can and I began the business end with the barrel of my gun. "The film," I told him, holding out my other hand. Very dramatic.

Maybe he wasn't family, didn't have a gun or a permit to carry one. Wasn't really used to .38s stuck up his nose.

The lady was at the glass, backlit by the bright lights, peering out into the darkness. Junior probably fast asleep. I held up the cassette in its cardboard sleeve and saw her nod.

"He'll kill me," the moviemaker said.

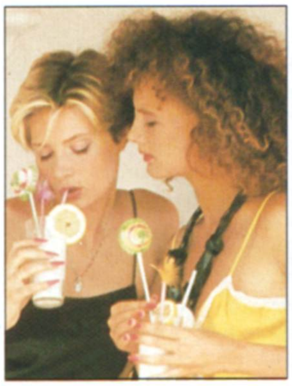
"With what?" I wanted to know, pushing him down the ladder. "His nappy pin?"

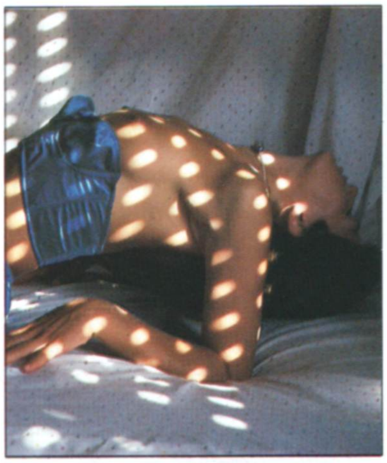
I put his butt in the Bird and stood in the darkness on the drive, watching as he spun his tyres hard in the loose gravel on the road beyond the gate.

The deal done, the edge was dull. No more danger here, I told myself,

continued on page 77

TALKIN' BLUE





This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you'd like to do: we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

Women's Writes

Where the girls get down to business

FIVE ALIVE

My two girlfriends, Mandy and Cathy, and I were invited to this really, really boring party in Clapham a few Saturdays ago. The kitchen was so full of druggies you couldn't get to the fridge, the sounds were really cool, man (if you happen to find 70s glam rock chic), and the only thing that kept us from getting the hell out and going down the Wag club instead was these two incredibly dishy men in the front room, looking just about as bored to death as we all were.

To put a bit of oomph into the proceedings, Mandy and I started dancing in front of where they sat on the sofa. Mandy's got this amazingly sexy bum that wobbles when she shakes her hips, and these enormous boobs that I've always maintained would look more at home being flashed all over the centrespread of a kinky book. It's not just her 38-inch bust, it's her nipples which make me really jealous. They get all big and pointy when she dances and stick out like the tips of your thumbs. I reckon Mandy's produced more hard-ons down the Hipp than I've had hot dinners!

Anyhow, when I put my arms around her and we started smooching, the two boys got very interested indeed. Boys really like the lezzie stuff, right?

After a while, Cathy butted in and said the boys wanted to know would we like to go back to their flat for some champagne. Well, as we were pissed as rats anyway, we didn't see much harm in getting drunker still, so we all quit the party together. One of the boys got his thing out and did his business behind the sofa, which for some reason we all found hysterically funny.

Cathy came over all dopey and said she was really impressed by the boys' brand new Merc 300E, so I showed my respect by accusing them of being coke dealers and lifting my skirt and flashing my knickers! Roy, the guy sitting between Cathy and I on the back seat, came over all trembly and asked if he could have a feel, so Cathy (always guaranteed to go over the top after her third glass of white wine) said to him: "Keep your effing hands off my mate!" and promptly proceeded to unzip his trousers and start wanking him off! Meanwhile, upfront, Mandy had completely disappeared, and all we could hear was a series of disgusting slurping sounds.

Roy and Jason turned out to be brothers, sharing a lovely three-bedroomed apartment just off Queensway. Mandy and Cathy and I really punished the champagne, and when Roy came and knelt in front of me and put his head up my skirt while I sat on the sofa watching rock videos, I was so far gone I couldn't get it together to stop him. Anyhow, it felt so nice I decided I wanted him to stay there, so I took my dress and bra and pants off so that everyone could get a good look – and have a nice wank, if they felt so inclined.

Even though I was legless, it still shocked me, seeing Mandy and Cathy going down on each other on the carpet, but once Roy got my ankles up around my ears and got stuck into my twat, I was past caring whether my mates were dykes or not. My pussy was boiling from the punishment of his solid cock.

Now Mandy says parties are a waste of time and all she's interested in is picking up men down the clubs. I've told her men like a bit of class, and that picking up men at private parties is a bit more discreet than getting a reputation. I went out with her again last night and she left her knickers in my bathroom before we set off. "I won't be needing these," she said. But my mum found them, and when we got back at 3am she was up waiting for us in her nightgown, well ginned-up. She said to Mandy: "You've got the morals of a tomcat," and we both fell about laughing. Poor old mum, I'm sure she means well. – *Joanie, London SW3*

PARTNER'S PARTNER

I'm 40 years old and for the past 12 years I've fancied my partner's boyfriend something rotten. We've got a garment wholesaling business, Susan and I, and we do pretty well, all told. Susan's thinner and sexier than me and I've always been jealous of the way men ogle her bum, and sometimes when I play with myself at night or I've got my boyfriend staying over, I fantasize on her getting her little tush away with that hunky feller of hers.

I've always been a bit on the big side, and sometimes when I take my bra off and look at myself in the mirror, I despair, the way my boobs flop down all over my chest. My arse is a bit on the big side and all, but I suppose you could call my thighs "strapping", and they certainly look the business when I'm wearing the old black stockings and high heels.

Anyway, when my partner Susan's boyfriend came up to me in the stock room the other day and said he'd always fancied me on the quiet, you could have knocked me down with a feather. When I said: "But what about you and Susan?" he said she was frigid and was forever pushing him away at night. I said to him: "You poor old sod. I'd never turn you away, and that's a fact," and I told him to give me a bell at home the next time he was free.

I didn't care I was being sneaky about my partner, either. When it comes to cock, I don't give a monkey's about business or money, I like it so much. Besides which, as I say, I've always had the hots for Susan's Jack.

I finally got into Jack's trousers a week later. Susan was up at Leeds at a trade fair, it was a Saturday night, I'd just come home from the pub, and I was feeling lonely as hell. I phoned Jack and he said to jump in a cab straight away, and when he came to the door all lovely and sexy in his dressing gown and smelling of aftershave, there was nothing I wouldn't have done to make him happy.

Jack said he was crazy

about big women, and all I wanted was to be his slut for the night. He poured some hair oil over my boobs and my fat belly and bottom, and gave me a black Durex to roll on his cock. We had it off in just about every position imaginable, and I swear it's never been as good for me with another man, never. In fact I wanted him so bad that night, I told him to take the rubber off and screw me bareback, because all I wanted was to feel his sperm inside me, never mind the risks.

Jack and me have been seeing each other on and off ever since. If I could get him to the altar I wouldn't give a damn if Susan became my worst enemy and the business fell apart at the seams. With Jack's lovely prick between my thighs each night, I'd be one happy bitch. – *Miriam, Chesterfield*

MA'AM'S MAIDEN

There's a posh people's prep school not far from my flat and in the afternoons when I wheel my bike past and see all the glamorous young mums waiting for their beloveds, I get very turned-on. They're mostly stockbrokers' and diplomats' wives (ex-models, most of them) and I've always had a secret longing to pull one of them and get her round to my place for a bit of sauciness. My girlfriend's a real brassy old bull with no class about her at all. Her idea of lovemaking is to use a vibrator on me, and she doesn't even bother kissing me any more. For months I've dreamed of making one of those snotty toffee noses squeal and thrash around with my tongue up her cunt. Yes, there's something about upper class pussy that really makes me wet.

Well, I'm pleased to say I finally got my break, just before Christmas. I told my landlady I was interested in doing a bit of charring or housework to make up my money each week, and she took me straight round the corner to the school and introduced me to one of the sexy mums who happened to be in the market for a part-time housekeeper.

She drove me back to her house, sent her son out shopping with the au pair, and showed me round the house. I walked ahead of her up the stairs, and I had this funny feeling she was clocking the turn of my arse and my pantie-line. You'd never guess what she said to me. First, she asked if I liked the ladies. I felt a bit embarrassed, but I nodded.

"Oh, that's such a relief hearing you say that!" she says, closing the door behind her. "I don't suppose you'd like to lick me, would you? You've got to call me Ma'am," she says, lifting her fancy pleated skirt up and flashing her knickers and stocking-tops. "I always like to be called Ma'am when another girl goes down on me."

I ask you, what a pervy old cow. She didn't even take her knickers off, either. Instead she stood there in the middle of the room and pulled them tight up between her lips, and when I got down on my knees and started on her with my tongue, she kept yanking them hard up over her clit. She kept pulling my hair (not that hard) and calling me a "common slut" while I was sucking her off, and I can't say I cared a great deal for *that*. Oh well, I'm copping £50 a week for just three mornings' work, and if I give "Ma'am" a sneaky fingerfuck into the bargain (when her husband isn't around, that is to say), she generally gives me an extra tenner, cash. I suppose it's what you might call a good working relationship! – *Frankie, Taunton*

YUM-YUM YUPPIE

I live in the Surrey Lane Estate over Battersea Bridge. Every morning I stand at the bus stop and watch the Yuppies driving to work in their flash cars, always wishing one of them would stop and pick me up. I go out of my way to wear short, tight sexy skirts to show off my long legs and tight little bottom, but to no avail. I was beginning to think these City boys have got something against black girls, but on Monday last week I finally got lucky. This really pretty blond boy in a black BMW-6 stopped and offered me a lift. His car was fitted out with a phone and a hi-fi, and his suit fitted him like a glove. He was sensational, and when he dropped me off at South Ken tube and asked me for my phone number, my heart skipped a beat.

When he called me that night and asked me out, I was so excited I rushed out and bought a £250 suit and some new undies, just to wear on our first date. He took me to a restaurant in Walton Street and I loved it when everyone stopped and stared; and afterwards he took me to a private club and bought me champagne.

We got back to his flat in Chelsea at 2am, and just like in the movies I went to the bathroom, had a shower, and came out 20 minutes later wearing just my white silk undies, and sat in an armchair facing him. He was dead nervous, even though he'd had a lot to drink, so to put him at ease I spread my legs and draped them over the arms of the chair. I glanced down and discovered I was so wet for him, my panties had a big damp patch in the crotch.

When my new guy kneeled in front of me and positioned himself between my thighs, fingering the outline of my pussy through my wet knickers, I got incredibly sexed up. When he hooked them to one side and kissed my nipples and called me his princess, I got so excited I reached for his prick and guided it into my hole. It was then the most unlikely thing happened. We climaxed together, immediately, and he did so much into me, it ran all down my thighs and over the silk upholstery.

Now my new man says he's going to show me off all over town, get me signed up with a model agency run by his friend, and take a week off work just so that we can be together in bed 24 hours a day. Last night I sucked him off for the first time and he spermed so strong, he said his balls ached for almost two hours. Something tells me we're going to have fun together. – *Sonia, London*

Holiday Blues

A trip you'll never forget

Geology students come in for a lot of stick at University, and the University of Wales is no exception, despite its strong mining links. That's where I did my Post-Dip course last year. Collectively we were known as "The Flintstones", and when my boyfriend and I were spotted on campus together it was always a case of having to brace ourselves for the inevitable: "Well, look who's here: Fred and Wilma!" or: "What're you looking so bloody miserable for? Bronze Age just arrived?" And so on, ad nauseum.

It was always a relief to get out into the field. A big firm had headhunted Guy and I and were sponsoring our final three months, and we spent much of last summer in the mountains of Gwynedd around Blaenau Ffestiniog, up on Moelwyn Mawr collecting chalcedony and aragonite samples for a new ore extracting process we hoped to patent.

We fucked an awful lot, too. I put it down to the clean mountain air and the generally invigorating effect of life in the Great Outdoors. When I put that theory to Guy, his (typically charmless) reaction was: "Bollocks, it's the local brew." Well, maybe he had a point, for all his boorishness. It certainly had the effect of making me frisky, at least between those protracted peeing sessions. My God, did we punish the stuff! At one point I counted no fewer than seven two-gallon plastic jerrycans.

When the nights were warm and Guy was buzzing from the effects of four or five pints, he'd lead me up the mountainside, he completely naked and me in my baby-doll. There was a grassy ledge overlooking the valley, just breathtakingly beautiful when the moon was full. Guy would park his pretty little bum on a moss-covered rock, his prick so hard and so incredibly long, it almost reached his belly-button. It was one of those banana-curved specimens, like you see in the dirty books. I'd kneel in front of him like he was the high priest at some ancient British pagan rite, and sandwich his adorable prick between my breasts, so tight that his foreskin would roll all the way back. I'd kiss the denuded tip and make it glisten with saliva, then stand back and admire my work. Christ, I could make him hard if I tried!

Some nights Guy would mount me from behind like some horny old mountain goat, grappling my stiff-nippled tits as he thrust into me, his heavy, pendulous ball-bag forever slapping against my clit. Most nights he simply liked to sit on his favourite lump of mossy granite and have me suck him off, or, if he was feeling especially macho and dominant, he'd slap my hand away and toss himself off with his knob between my subservient lips.

I didn't mind, I liked seeing Guy ejaculate. I liked it even better when he scooped the cum from my lips or the tip of my tongue, and massaged it into my nipples. Guy loved to hear me call him a filthy sod, so much so he reckoned it made him become erect again in double-quick time!

It was late one Friday night, stumbling back down the mountain to the tent following a particularly disgusting soixante-neuf session at a favourite secluded spot, that we heard voices. We peered over a jagged outcrop of granite boulders to see three men seated around a camp fire, about 30 metres away. Their tent, battered and torn, resembled a leftover from the Crimean War, while their decrepit Land Rover, parked up alongside, was laden with bins and sieves and shovels. To complete the picture of gypsy-like squalor, the back half of a rustled mountain sheep lay beside the fire, partially skinned and crudely butchered.

Guy, still pissed, giggled and said he felt like one of the Famous Five, putting the fear of Christ into me with his coughing and spluttering, lest the no-doubt thoroughly evil gypos heard him and discovered me, so utterly vulnerable in my shortie-nightie. As if determined to announce our presence, he then thrust his hand between my buttocks and said something along the lines of: "So how'd you like to be gangbanged by that little lot, then?" I gestured frantically to him to shut up and led him hurriedly away by his big, dribbling dick, informing him, to his drunken delight, that I had no objections to being gangbanged at all (lie!) as long as (a) my conquerors were hung bigger than him and (b) he promised to stay and watch. Still clutching Guy's cock, I led him back down the old miners' trail to our tent, ushered him inside, positioned myself fair and square over his burgeoning hard-on, and rode him for two solid hours. Guy was good, but you had to catch him at the right time.

OK, so the mystery trio were "only" illegal gold prospectors (illegal inasmuch as all Welsh gold is the property of Her Madge), but they still frightened me, in a silly, fifth form sort of way. After all, if they were indeed experienced mountain men, as Guy thought probable, then there was no way they'd

have overlooked our dayglo orange Bukta Everest during their ascent. Much as Guy hated me talking while he was going down on me, I felt I had to speak my mind.

"They'll be down tomorrow to check us out," I said. "Just you see if I'm wrong. First for the loan of a cup of sugar, then we'll wake up one morning and find our wallets gone."

I looked down to where Guy was beavering away between my thighs and started to giggle. In the flickering, deceptive light of the storm lamp, with just the top half of his face visible above my crotch, my pubic bush had given him the appearance of having a huge moustache. It was only when Guy squeezed my clitoris from her hood and started methodically flicking her from side to side with his tongue, that I overcame my giggling fit and started to shudder as I lapsed into the throes of another amazingly intense orgasm.

In the morning, Guy led

me down to the escarpment that protected us (we hoped) from detection by mountaineers and tourists using the trail, and handed me his binoculars. There, about half a mile up the valley, brazenly sifting gravel from a stream-bed, were the three cowboy prospectors, half-heartedly disguised as trout fishermen.

"Well, I still say they're bad news," I said later, as we drove down to Tanygrislau for provisions. Later, standing outside the filling station waiting for Guy to return from the pub with his beloved plastic kegs replenished with best bitter, I looked up at Moelwyn Mawr, now shrouded in mist like the backdrop to a 1930s Gothic horror movie. Something was troubling me. I didn't want to go back.

As I predicted, the prospectors arrived on the scene later that night, though not to rob or murder, nor even to beg a cup of sugar. They announced themselves as "The three Dais" and brought a peace offering in the form of three bottles of Scotch, no doubt pilfered from the village offie. Also – and very charmingly, I thought – they had "a present for the lady" in the form of a four-ounce lump of ore, minutely flecked with gold. I think I hurt their feelings when I told them they'd be struggling to get half an ounce from 1½ tons of the stuff, but it was a sweet gesture even so.

The first bottle was quickly despatched, as were three of Guy's kegs of best bitter. It was when the male voice choir tuned-up half way through the second bottle that any fear of being robbed or murdered passed from my mind, though when Guy staggered out into the night to take a leak and Dai No.1 (a burly ex-coalminer with a fondness for filthy jokes) took it upon himself to withdraw a grubby, dog-eared booklet from the torn pocket of his Barbour, things started to get "interesting", as they say. The well-thumbed little tome turned out to be nothing less than a series of photographic depictions of some of the most horny material imaginable. While his cohorts giggled in the background, Dai No.1 flicked from page to page, thrusting the open magazine under my nose.

"What do you think of this one, then?" he asked, opening out the gatefold centrespread. I pretended not to be interested in the photo of a rubberclad blonde, kneeling in an empty bath while three grotesquely overendowed studs stood around her, vying for her attention. God knows how she fitted them all in. God forbid I show the slightest sign of excitement or arousal! The last thing I wanted was to actively encourage this bunch of cuntstruck ne'er-do-wells.

Dai the dirty book stuffed the mag back in his pocket and looked poised to stuff his calloused hand right up my skirt when Guy reappeared from his midnight leak. Suddenly, I didn't know whether I was pleased to see him or not. These knights in shining armour can be such a pain when some dirty book-wielding Welshman has gone and put you in a sexy mood.

"What say we make a fire and sit outside, eh?" suggested Guy, with all the jolly, pseudo-military bossiness of a Scoutmaster

hellbent on denying his lads the chance of a goodnight wank in their sleeping bags. The three Dais giggled and smirked, and Dai No.1 winked at me. Had it been daylight, he'd have seen me blush.

Guy had never been in the Scouts. We sat on the grass outside the tent in a circle, while he fumbled with matches, newspaper and damp kindling, and as Dai No.1 reimmersed himself in his inventory of dirty jokes, Dai No.2's hand finally found its way up my skirt. Even so, he was surprisingly clumsy and nervy, and I sensed he was relieved when, finally getting as far as my inner thighs without incurring verbal abuse or a scratched face, he found my pantie-crotch pulled aside to facilitate access to my already wet, pouting sex; pulled aside, that is to say, by Dai No.3.

My heart pounded as the Welshmen fumbled with my body in the dark. The moon – bless it – had disappeared behind a cloud and we were in total darkness, but it was surely only a matter of time before Guy's damned camp fire sprang to life and gave our sleazy, groping game away. I extended my hands left and right, and both were guided in the direction of warm, rock-hard male crotches.

"Tell him you're going for a piss!" hissed Dai No.1. "And I'll follow you!"

But there was no time. There was a sudden *whoosh!* and a fierce curtain of flame, and Dai the joke teller fell backwards off his upturned milk crate in alarm.

"Stupid English bastard!" he hollered. "Didn't Baden-Powell ever tell you about using petrol on fires when you were a Boy Scout?"

"He wasn't in the Scouts!" I said contemptuously, every bit as livid with Guy as the Welshmen, as we all clamoured to escape the ferocious blaze which momentarily threatened to engulf the tent.

I took Dai No.1's hand and guided it up the back of my skirt, having taken advantage of the panic by slipping out of my knickers. His fingers found me wet, and even keener to be goosed. Dai positioned himself behind me and pumped his fingers (it felt like three at least) into me, rhythmically. In my drunkenness all I could see was that gorgeous, big-titted blonde, all rubbered-up in her bath, crazy to come to terms with that forest of stiff, dribbling cocks. It was then Guy caught sight of us. Damn!

"Oi! What's your bloody game?" he shouted, having brought the fire under control and wrestling with the top of yet another beer keg. "Get your hands off her, you Welsh git!"

"Stupid little sod, isn't he?" Dai hissed in my ear, reaching round in front of me and yanking my skirt hem up around my waist, baring my fanny to all and sundry. I felt so turned-on, I wanted to come. Four drunken men, eyes glued to my pussy; four drunken men, nigh bursting their flies to get me on my hands and knees in the tent and take turns with me.

"Yes, he can be a right little prat," I whispered, then, raising my voice for all to hear: "Don't stop there, darling. Why not rip my top open and show your mates my titties?"

Looking Guy right in the eye, I wiggled my hips and ground my bottom into Dai No.1's bulging crotch. Oh God, did I need seeing to! If only I'd been wearing black rubber, black stockings, black wellies . . .

"Come on then, Mr Boyfriend," said Dai, fumbling with his zip behind me, flipping his prick out and poking its slippery tip against my bare bum. "Why don't you come over here and give your lady what she needs? Jesus, man, we may be rough and ready, us lot, but we're not bloody rapists!"

I spread my legs, slipped a finger inside my vulva, withdrew it and held it just above my shoulder. Dai grabbed my wrist and sucked my index finger clean.

"Yes, come on Guy!" I urged. "Why not? You know I've always wanted to do it in front of an audience."

To a chorus of cheers which must have echoed all the way to the Rhondda, Guy stepped out of his Levi's and boxer shorts and leapt across the camp fire, surely singeing his pubes in the process. Despite the all-male audience he'd managed a full, thumping hard-on; and when he grabbed my hips and ground his prick into my soft pubic curls, I almost swooned.

Dai, meanwhile, had no intention of letting go of his kinky bit of English arse. He was still rubbing himself off against my crack and nibbling my earlobe as Guy bent his knees, aimed his knob between my labia, and almost lifted me off the ground with his initial thrust. It was wonderful, just heavenly, but the icing on the cake was when the Welshman cupped my breasts from behind, holding them high on my ribcage for Guy to busy himself with my nipples.

"You dirty sods!" I panted gleefully. "You've got me coming already!"

And only seconds later Guy followed suit, withdrawing and spending a few, final spurts all down my inner thigh. And still I wanted more.

Gasping to catch his breath, Guy eyed me quizzically as I stood, legs spread, the lecherous Welshman rolling my nipples between thumbs and forefingers, shamelessly humping-off against my soft buttocks. He smiled, lovingly.

"I suppose you want to take them all on, don't you?" he laughed, shaking his head from side to side. "Trust me to end up with a bleedin' nymphomaniac!"

"I wouldn't grumble if I were you, old mate," said Dai. "She's a corker, is this one."

I asked Guy if – in his heart of hearts – he'd mind if I went ahead and had my fun. As we tongue-kissed, he stroked my clit.

"Not if it turns you on," he said, generously. "But only if I get to watch!"

With a comradely "Ta, mate," Dai No.3 took my hand and led me in to the tent, where I removed my last shreds of clothing and lay on my sleeping bag, propped on my elbows, watching, fascinated, as the three Welshmen clambered out of their clothes. All three were achingly erect.

"On your hands and knees, Missy!" said Dai No.1, and the fun

commenced.

Twenty, maybe 30 minutes later, and they were still eagerly swapping places: all entering me from behind. When I was going down on Dai No.2 (surely blessed with the biggest dick in the valleys) I looked up to see Guy avidly watching my every move.

"What a lovely slut!" he cooed, stroking his prick. I jerked my head back to extricate myself from Dai's enormous cock.

"And to think that I'm all yours!" I said, whorishly licking my lips.

"Lucky English bleeder," said Dai No. 3. – *Shelley, Cheltenham*

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Lay Lady Lay

Swinging in the sixties

When I first saw Ursula she was having a pee! It was at one of those pop festivals they used to have around 1969 and 1970 when everyone wanted their own Woodstock. This one was up in Derbyshire somewhere, in a few bleak fields with hills in the background. I was looking for a place to piss, myself, and there was this clump of trees far off in the corner of the field. I hopped behind one and let loose the several cans of beer that'd got me through the day so far. As I zipped up I glanced over the stone wall.

She was squatting there, only a few feet away, her back to me. Her big red and orange skirt was hiked up around her middle and beneath the folds I could just see the two perfect curves of her buttocks and between them a strong, steady, golden stream. She had long blonde hair, slightly untidy and with bits of grass and twigs in it. I stood and stared. Then suddenly she stood up, shook out her skirt, tossed her hair back and turned round.

It was the original eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation and I don't know which of us was more dropped on. She looked incredibly young – not jail-bait young, you understand, just young. But she was nearly as tall as me, her corn-blonde hair was cut in a thick fringe and her eyes were a really penetrating green. The skirt was ankle length, but she was wearing a plain white shirt which demonstrated what was without question the most magnificent pair of tits I'd seen for months.

It was around the time when women were stopping wearing bras – and she was one of them. If that's a political gesture, I thought, let's have a lot more of them. Her breasts were full – maybe a bit too full to be absolutely in proportion with her tiny waist and slim hips, but I'm not complaining. They were heavy and round, and the thin cotton of the shirt showed perky little nipples and a hint of the darker area spreading around them. In a flash I imagined my teeth pulling gently at them until they started to thicken and harden into ripe points – just like my cock was beginning to thicken and harden in my jeans as I stood there.

I wasn't wearing underpants (not a political gesture, just expediency) and I knew my cock was starting to find its way down my trouser leg towards my knee.

All this took no more than three seconds but it seemed like a century. I grinned and said something truly inane like: "Better in than out, eh?" and she, thank God, grinned back. "Enjoy the show?" she asked. "I'm really sorry I missed your one . . ." and her eyes skidded down to my crotch and back in a flash. "There could be a second house," I said, carrying on this idiot dialogue, and leaned on the wall between us and put on my best man-of-the-world grin.

In the distance a rock group started its session. I glanced over my shoulder. People were gravitating back to the stage area. This bit of the field was almost deserted. "Like now . . ." I said, sitting on the wall and swivelling my legs over so I was sitting facing her. She took the half step it needed so she was standing right between my thighs, and her hand went straight down on my blue denim bulge. She said nothing, just flicked one of those golden eyebrows and squeezed.

I'd like to report that our eyes met in deep pools of yearning and our mouths intermingled in a deep soul kiss. No such thing. She grabbed my dick and I grabbed her tits. We were the liberated kids of the 60s, remember.

Actually it's pretty difficult to grab tits like that, truly grabbable tits have to be a bit smaller than hers. So what I did was put my hands on them, just enjoying feeling their roundness, their heaviness and their softness.

I flicked the shirt buttons open and gasped as those two magnificent boobs come into view. I'd been right about the nipples – tiny little pointed rosebuds with the most magnificent dusky pink areolae demanding my tongue. They got it. I bent down and popped one in my mouth, giving it a good licking and then started to nibble at the point. I felt it grow in my mouth until it felt like a champagne cork – only more interesting to suck. I didn't want her other tit to feel left out, so I was busy massaging that one with my other hand.

Meanwhile she was busy with her hands. Somehow my jeans had got unzipped and my belt unbuckled and her hand was diving inside. I felt the touch of coolness as she lifted my prick into the open air. Her hand slid delicately up and down it. What had been no more than a lazy lob seconds ago was now a stiff, throbbing, ready-to-burst pole of passion.

Gently she pushed my hands and head off her tits and bent down. I was still sitting on the wall, legs wide apart, cock waving to the clouds. Her mouth went over it; I was engulfed in a rich, moist warmth as her lips travelled the length and back just exerting the right amount of pressure. At the same time she was pulling at the skin of my cock from the root so it seemed unbearably taut and sensitive.

One minute her lips were nuzzling my pubics, the next they were tickling the tip of my cock. This was years before anybody had ever heard of Linda Lovelace, remember. This girl was probably her mother – or at least her teacher. It was my first experience of what we got to call "deep throat" – most birds just nibbled half-heartedly at the top – and it was driving me insane.

I wound a lock of her hair round my hand and gently tugged, to let her know I couldn't stand much more. She released my dick and glanced up at me. Her lips were shiny moist and a tiny pendant of saliva dripped down her chin. Her eyes seemed veiled, as if she was miles away. She stood up, slipped her hands round my waist and pulled me off the wall so I was standing in front of her. My jeans slipped round my ankles. She pulled up her skirt, came right up to me and I felt her guide my cock into her snatch. I felt a tightness, a hotness, a quiver of little muscles, a grabbing and a relaxing and I started thrusting to get it as far in as I could. Her hands reached round and grabbed my arse, pulling me at her, and she started groaning, her eyes swivelling around, her head shaking, the long blonde hair flying.

She was far away in her own world, grabbing her jollies in her own way. Should I worry? She didn't need me, just my cock. I knew I was going to come any minute. I scrabbled under that huge skirt and found the soft flesh of her hips and the cool roundness of her buttocks. Whether we came together or not I shall never know. All I remember is exploding what felt like three gallons of high quality, freshly-made, unadulterated cum into her capacious cunt. She yelped and moaned, so I guess she came about then, too.

Then it was over. Her skirt fell back into place covering up those slim, white, juice-sprinkled thighs. I yanked my jeans back up, tucking my happy cock away and being careful not to catch it or any hairs in the zip. She picked up a hefty shoulder bag and we strolled back to the band together. She told me her name was Ursula and we discovered we both came from London. She scribbled down her name and phone number on a scrap of paper and I did the same. We promised to call next week. We didn't. Getting to know

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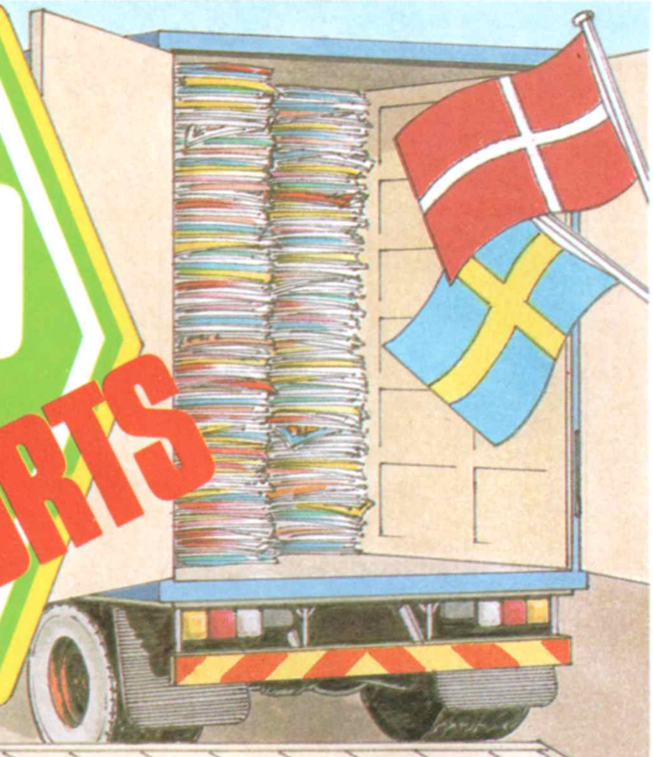

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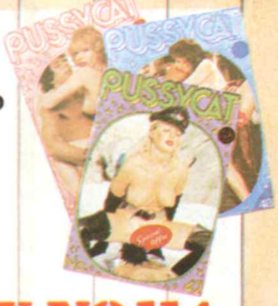

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her properly would probably spoil the memory of that fast but satisfying bang deep in the depths of Derbyshire.

Naturally, I thought about her often – not in a silly, romantic way but, I mean, who could forget those superb tits and that cock-hungry mouth? But willing birds were two a penny in those days and I used one or two to claw my way up in the record business. It was a couple of years later, at a party (for me, an important party). I'd grown a beard, had my hair cut, bought a suit. I was 23 and on my way up.

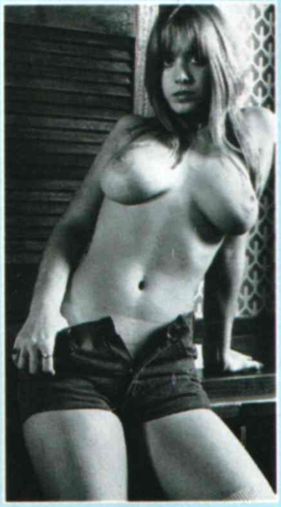
The room was packed with nobodies and I saw her the moment she arrived. The hair was still the same – honey-gold, a deep fringe, then swinging glossily down her back – no twigs and bits of grass tonight. She was wearing a short, tight-fitting dress which made her look slimmer than ever but which also made those glorious tits seem even bigger. For the first time I could eye the whole body – the slight bulge of belly, the length of thigh, the slender ankles. I could see those long legs snapping round my waist like a pair of nutcrackers. I was wearing well-cut trousers and some very expensive briefs underneath them, so the tell-tale bulge wasn't showing. But I could feel it growing there again, simply by looking at her.

I won't bore you with a blow by blow account of how I did it; all I'll say is that it didn't take me long to separate her from the twit she was with and persuade her that a brandy at my place was the only way to end the evening. To my amazement she had recognized me at once – I thought I looked totally different from the way I was that day at the rock concert. "Oh, you do," she said, "but I'd know that grin anywhere." We were close together, crushed against the buffet and as she spoke her hand crept down and gave me a quick squeeze in the important area.

Back at my place I took her coat and tossed it on to a chair. Coming up behind her, I pushed the thick hair aside and kissed the nape of her neck as I slowly unzipped the back of her dress. It slipped away and I eased it over her hips so it fell at her feet. I pulled her to me, my arms reaching round her, my hands desperate to handle those amazing breasts again. She leaned against me, then relaxed and let my fingers work their magic. I held her tits in my palms, as if weighing them; I squashed them against her chest; I pushed them together; I teased her nipples until they grew hard and vibrant, all the time grinding my hips up against her until the stress in my trousers was just too much.

Lightly she turned round in my arms and this time we did kiss – a deep, wet, messy, lip-smacking, tongue-lapping, teeth-crashing kiss. She seemed to be tearing at my clothes. My jacket was off, my tie slung over her shoulder, three shirt buttons popped in all directions and my shirt was hanging over my pants. Our bare chests met in a naked embrace.

I carefully eased her into one of my big chairs and she sat, smiling and watching as I undressed completely. My cock led the way towards her and I kneeled down between her outspread thighs and tucked my face into the promising region between them. Ursula had a neat little cunt. Her pubic hairs had been neatly trimmed – not shaved off completely but nicely tended and shaped – which made the tight lips of her snatch seem prominent and very accessible. I licked them and she shuddered. I tongued down the outside of each lip in turn. She made as if to open herself up, but I gently pushed her hands away and used my own. Already she was wet – but from my saliva. Slowly I inserted my thumbs between her lips and ran them along the slit. This was working, a glimmer of juice licked the edges and I began to pull her lips apart, opening them up and exposing the intricacies inside. I tongued her clit and relished its miniature hardness. I kept up the delicate massage work with my thumbs while my tongue and nose did the rest. A damp patch was already forming on the chair cushion, so I eased her on to the floor.



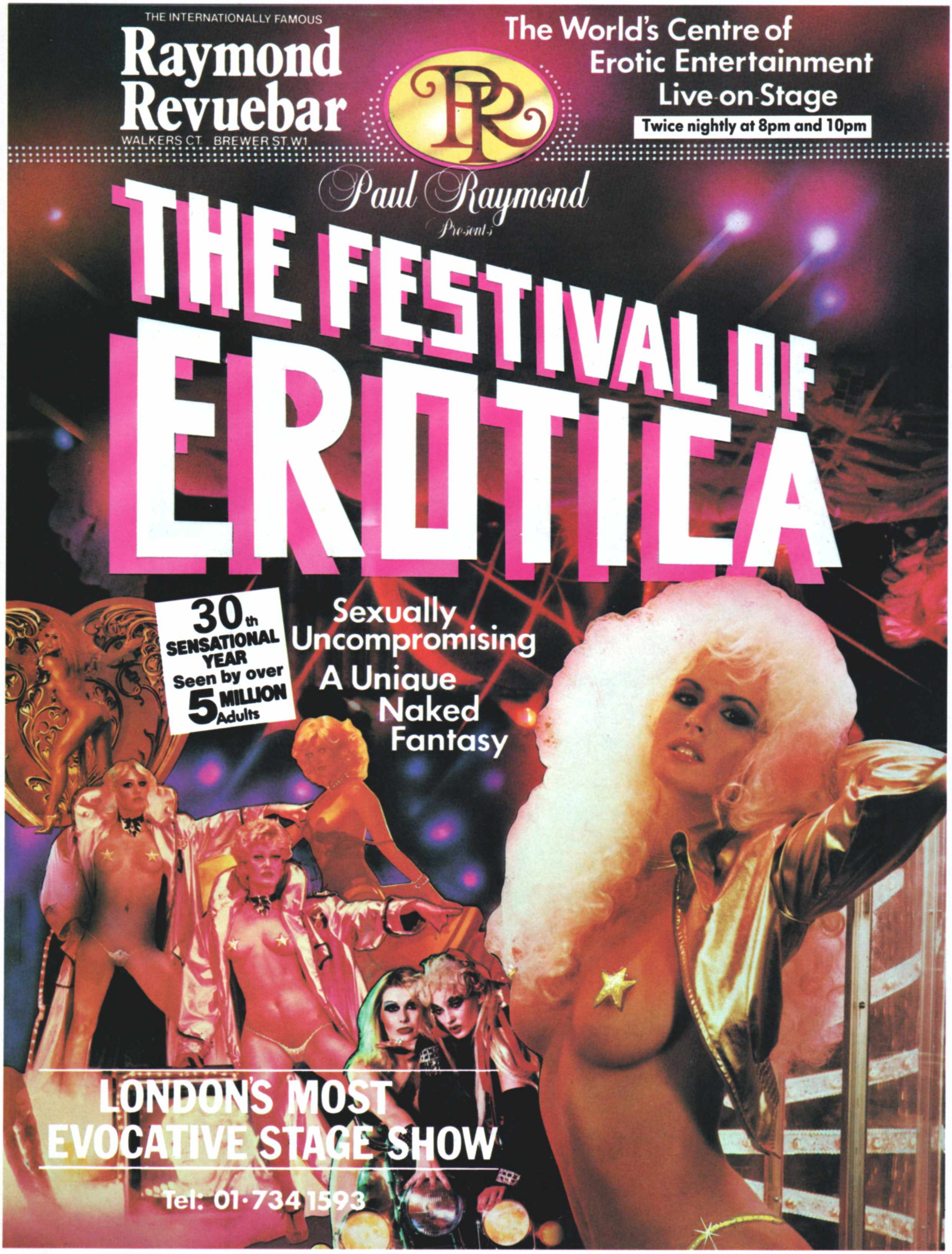
She lay on the rug obediently, her arms flung out, her breasts flattening widely. One leg was straight out, the other bent at the knee.

I kneeled over her face and let my cock and balls hang over her lips. Her tongue snaked out, licking and lapping. I lowered my body until she could suck my cock into her mouth. As before it went right in, more deeply than you could imagine. I eased myself forward, licking along her body until my face was buried in her cunt again.

God knows how long we lay there, sucking and licking and drinking in each other. I pulled her thighs up round my face and tickled her bum, which made her squirm delightedly. She started delivering light slaps on my buttocks with open palms which sent a warm glow through my body. During this session I imagine Ursula came about three times, moaning and jerking her hips and thrusting her snatch into my ever-open mouth.

Easing off, I turned around and sat astride her. I placed the thick wet rod of my cock in between her spread breasts, then gathered them up in both hands and tried to bury it in her flesh. She saw what I was doing and helped. My cock slid smoothly and excitingly between the grasping flesh, its swollen purplish head appearing rhythmically beneath her chin as I got into the swing of it. She started to moan again and make little inarticulate noises. My skin rubbed against her skin in the supple sheath of her breasts. Her head was rolling from side to side, her eyes half closed, her lips mouthing dirty and dangerous words as my own climax started to boil somewhere deep inside my guts. Then, in three fast powerful spasms, I belted out a load of fresh, warm cum. It shot across her chest and chin making a pale, shining pool. Smaller spasms followed until I was drained.

Then we had our brandy. Then we chatted. Then we had another brandy. Then we went to bed and had a proper fuck. – *Geoffrey, London SE14* ♣



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GIVING IN TO TEMPTATION

continued from page 62

drifting back off toward the garage.

For sure my guard was down when I began to make my way on up the ladder. Quiet, suburban night. And the dark got a whole lot darker when I headed smack into a lady coming down. Her thighs around my ears, her skirt falling full around my shoulders. There was a familiar feel about the place. "Holland?" I whispered.

But the scream I got in return was something brand and spanking new.

If you've ever tried to ride a ticklish lady down a ladder in the dark, you'll not be surprised to learn that I landed in the garden on my back, between the bell peppers and the beans, her pussy saying hello to my old school tie. Advantage to the lady with the gun.

"I've got you covered," she told me, as if I didn't know.

I peeked over the hem of her big skirt and told her: "No shit."

"No shit," she told me back, sliding down off my ribs to get a better shot at my chin.

Thanks to Holland and her long lunches, the situation had me as hard as any guy can get. "Eeeek!" she screamed as her silky bottom backed against my meat. This was a situation I had to take advantage of. "Stick 'em up!" I yelled, wincing at the pun. She raised her hands while dropping the gun. Right on my head.

"Ouch," I said, rolling her over in the beans, slipping her gun in my pants.

"I want that movie," she demanded, pulling down her skirt.

I helped her up. "You from the Actors' Guild, or the League of Decency?"

She shook her head. "Name's Peterson. Detective. I work for the baby."

Without the gun she was more attractive – much more. In fact, I got her to help me haul the video gear down from the roof to my trunk and then put her under the dome lamp on the front seat. "Want to tell me about it?"

"The guy in the diapers," she began, her almond eyes flashing, "an investment banker. Inside trader. Power broker. Maybe you know the type.

"Anyway," she said, brushing beautiful ebony hair over an almost translucent ear, "wealthy enough to afford his eccentricities."

I took my tongue out of her ear. "Babes in Toyland."

"Mmm-hmm," she smiled, feeling for my weapon in the strangest of places. "Liked seeing his name up in the marquee lights, his face on the silver screen."

"Liked the films but didn't trust the film maker." I was getting a handle on things, especially the ones in her blouse.

"Oh, yes," she sighed. "So he hired me, to watch the film maker watch them." Turning her bottom on the buttons of the leather along the seat, she got her long legs around my neck and tilted me towards her. "How much you getting?" she hummed.

Her pussy was like a damp moon rising on the nylon of her panties. "I'm getting it all," I told her. I could almost taste its blue cheese. But she straightened me up.

"I mean how much is she paying for the tape?"

She flashed taut, black garters against polar-white thighs

I shrugged. "Coupla hundred." Fees were the furthest thing from my mind.

"It's worth thousands," she told me, tightening her hold, slipping the panties over her hips, along her thighs. The fragrant moon now setting on my nose. "Enough to pay for a hundred nights like this," she whispered, unholstering my weapon, the safety off. "Maybe in a house along the beach in Mexico."

The moonlit ocean in her lovely eyes turned to glaciers as I felt something hard and firm against the small of my back.

"Get 'em up," Holland demanded from the back seat.

I did my best to ignore her, but she wouldn't go away. Whatever she was holding was now aimed right at my asshole. Helluva place to get it in the end. "It is up," I told her, over my shoulder. "I don't really need your help."

But maybe Holland was right. Never turn on a client, no matter what the stakes. And never fuck a lodge brother. Tattoo that on your heart. But, believe me, Miss Peterson was one detective I was sorry to see disappear as she melted away over the rise in the road.

"Say," I said, looking over at Holland, "where'd you get the gun, anyway?"

She smiled, opened her purse, and took out her trusty dildo. "This one?" she asked, looking at it curiously. "Off a chef from Gay Paree. He served a great steak. And I had dildos for dessert."♣

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Jane, Carol, Rosie and Shelley are four of the randiest females we know, so it turned out to be a very hot session, with plenty of lewd comments from the participants. Rosie (yellow undies), a self-confessed cock enthusiast, was particularly matter-of-fact: "You know, all this is making me feel bloody horny – I wish I had more than an ace in *my* hole."

We can only assume a five-card stud was what she had in mind.

Meanwhile, Jane (in the blue corner) seemed to think she had to take off *everything* after one losing hand. Nobody, of course, was in any great rush to point out the error of her ways.

Yes, it's fair to say everyone had themselves a rare old time of it, even if Rosie (who else?) did hanker after a male competitor so she could play her usual version of the game.

"What happens is that, when everybody's totally starkers, we play one last hand. Quite simply, the winner gets a wank, although it usually turns out that everyone gets one, anyway."

Now *that* is almost worth getting your beer belly out for, ain't it?

PS: We should point out that the lack of male competitors did not, in the end, prevent the girls from finishing off the game Rosie's way . . . ♣

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– our girls do the rest! It's fun to listen, fun to arrange and fun to do!

CALL ME!

I dare you to listen to the tape recorded message on

0898 100 480

(ADULTS)

I CONFESS AND TELL ALL!

JUST LISTEN

0898 100 478

NOW for WOW

LESBIAN LETTERS READ IN DETAIL BY DILLIS DIAL'O

WHAT YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW – AND HEAR

DIAL TO LISTEN

0898-100-497

ALSO, WE PAY £100 FOR EACH LESBIAN LETTER PUBLISHED

DIRTY DENISE TELLS ALL

AT LAST!

THE TRUTH IS TOLD!!!

TAPE RECORDED MESSAGE

Phone 0898·100·495

(London) 0077·100·415

AND JUST LISTEN

CALL NOW!

0898-100-486

24 hours

JUST LISTEN!!!

Just listen to the tape recording of the EXOTIC GLAMOUR MESSAGE!

CALL ME NOW!!!

Just listen to the XXX NYMPHO

0898·100·479

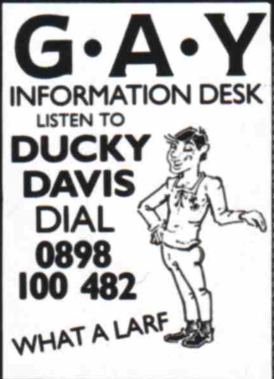
ORIENTAL PAST TIMES

TOLD BY TING LING YU

UNBELIEVABLE EASTERN DELIGHTS TOLD OVER THE PHONE

DIAL 0898 100 496

AND JUST LISTEN



G·A·Y

INFORMATION DESK

LISTEN TO DUCKY DAVIS

DIAL 0898 100 482

WHAT A LARF

CALL US!!

0898·100·474

LISTEN TO THE TAPE RECORDING OF 'O' & 'A'

S.T. calls charged at 38p per minute 25p off peak

Full Length Adult Movies on Video

Unbelievable But True

Prices Slashed

With vast stocks of these hard-core imported videos, we can afford to sell them to you at the lowest ever cost.

New Titles

We now have 12 different video titles to clear—all are fully uncensored and uncut with lots of close-up detail shots. In view of the high packaging and delivery costs and the very low cost of each title we are forced to set a minimum charge of just £19.98. For this you will receive 3 full length features on video.

JUST £6·66 EACH

First Time Imports

These are fully uncensored foreign videos.

Adult Collection A

3 films on video just **£19.98**

Private Video Show

A series of hot-shot action sequences in vivid close-up detail-stronger than most videos with hetero, group, Les and single girls.

Helga Video Show

Helga stars in this hard scan movie with a host of stunning females and randy fellas. Roving camera shots of orgy sequences makes this a great video.

Climax Video Show No 1

Featured in action in this very good video are most of the 'big' names in the world of sex - includes group action and vibro sex.

Adult Collection B

3 films on video just **£19.98**

College Girls

It's a wow! Real college ravers who're willing to perform every sex act you can imagine, in front of the cameras. No inhibitions here, they get straight down to action.

Climax Video Show No 3

About a 'big' fella who likes to get his money's worth. It's packed with fascinating horny action as he tries girl after girl to satisfy his lust.

Flat Sharing Shaggers

Beautiful girls share a flat. As well as lonely nights of lesbian passion they spend their time hunting men for all to share. Not many of the men survive all these girls

Adult Collection C

3 films on video just **£19.98**

Scandinavian Orgy

Foreign beauties show off their assets for the camera. The most daring girls perform, with selected studs and with each other in a grand orgy.

Black Magic Ravers

Beautiful ravers who can liven up any male in 30 seconds flat. Soon everyone's joining in and given the chance so would you.

Video Show

She walks in a friend's flat, straight into a sex orgy. She watches for a while and then slowly but surely joins in.

Adult Collection D

3 films on video only **£19.98**

VIDEO COLLECTIONS
34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London E7

Mixed Action Special

Lots of sex action - different subjects, different people. Duo, orgy, costume, lesbianism and outdoor sex. It all adds up to an exciting video.

Erotic Dreams

Girl after girl act out their most erotic dreams in front of the camera. One of the most exciting and horniest films that we have ever produced.

Images of Erotica

A seventeen year old blonde beauty becomes the image of erotica to three older men - who succeed in their ambitions.

CALLERS WELCOME Mon-Sat 9.30-6pm (Fri 8pm) Product availability may vary outlet to outlet. All products though may be ordered mail order

SEX SHOPS—LONDON (Sth) *14 Bourne Rd, Bexley *1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16 **ALDERSHOT** *266b High St. **BARNSLEY** *8 New St. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) *43 The Bullring **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St. **BURY** *94 Rochdale Rd. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CARLISLE** 6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **CHESTERFIELD** *528 Sheffield Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CROYDON** *109a Church St. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** *133 Fore St. **FOLKESTONE** *105 Dover Rd. **GLOUCESTER** *178a Barton St. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** *193 London Rd. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** 41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** *203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** 116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** 63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** 56 Westmoreland Rd. **NORWICH** *39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** *18 Carrington St./213 Mansfield Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 23 Market Ave. **PORTSMOUTH** 62 Castle Rd., Southsea **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh, Parkgate **SHEFFIELD** *Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** *40 Wyle Cop **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** 5 Scarcroft Rd. **●●● WALES—WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St. **●●● N. IRELAND—BELFAST** 31 Gresham St. *Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who stock a range of adult products incidental to their main business: **●●● LONDON (East)** 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate E7 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13. 19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **(North)** 287 Pentonville Rd. N1 **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 237 Chapletown **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **READING** 108 Southampton St. **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor **●●● WALES—CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **NEWPORT** Unit 14, Sovereign Arc., Kingsway Centre **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St

☐ **Collection A £19.98** ☐ **Collection B £19.98** ☐ **Collection C £19.98**

☐ **Collection D £19.98**

☐ **Any 2 collections £38.99** ☐ **A** ☐ **B** ☐ **C** ☐ **D Tick relevant boxes**

☐ **All 4 collections £70.00**

☐ **VHS** ☐ **BETA** ☐ **V 2000 Add £10 per video collection**

Please rush to me under plain cover the above videos (tick as applicable). I enclose Cash/Cheque/P.O. £__________ If paying by cheque add your name and address to reverse side. Please allow 14 days for delivery.

Name ______________________________

Address ______________________________

____

I am aware of the contents of these videos and agree not to show them to minors.

I am over 18 Signed ______________________________

VIDEO COLLECTIONS
Dept CI 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London E7 9LN

DIANE

CATHY

PENNY

HELEN

CARLA

CAROL

CAROL

CHLOE

JULIETTE

JANE

KATIE

SUSIE

FIONA COOPER ADULT GLAMOUR

MICHELLE

CHRISSY

CHERYL

RACHAEL

Glamour videos and photosets for your delight including school uniform, nurse, French maid, army, stockings & suspenders, big boobs, long legs, sexy undies, shower scenes, outdoor scenes etc., etc.

SAMPLE 1 HOUR VIDEO: features several pretty girls as featured here peeling off just for you!; just £15 for the full hour!

SAMPLE 2 HOUR VIDEO: as above but features several more of these pretty girls. £28.

SAMPLE 3 HOUR VIDEO: features lots more pretty girls. £40

SAMPLE PHOTOSET: big full colour print of all our girls. Only £6.

SPECIAL OFFER: any 10 one hour videos for £120 (Normally £150). any 5 one hour videos for £60 (normally £75).

1 HOUR VIDEOS OF THE GIRLS: each of the girls here appears in her own one hour video. Various striptease routines, uniforms etc etc. £15 each.

Our lists and samples are fully comprehensive and include photo's of all our girls plus details of our videos and photosets. Send NOW for your copy.

To order: simply fill in your name and address, tick the items you want and return this slip along with your cheque/ postal order for the full amount to: FIONA COOPER, PO BOX 16, HALIFAX, HX1 1EU. (DEPT. CI)
Please print clearly.

NAME...

ADDRESS ....

....

....

☐ 1 hour video featuring several girls	£15
☐ 2 hour video featuring more girls	£28
☐ 3 hour video featuring lots of girls	£40
☐ lists and samples	£2
☐ sample photoset	£6
☐ 1 hour videos of DIANE	£15
☐ 1 hour video of CATHY	£15
☐ 1 hour video of PENNY	£15
☐ 1 hour video of HELEN	£15
☐ 1 hour video of CARLA	£15
☐ 1 hour video of CAROL	£15

☐ 1 hour video of CAROL	£15
☐ 1 hour video of CHLOE	£15
☐ 1 hour video of JULIETTE	£15
☐ 1 hour video of JANE	£15
☐ 1 hour video of KATIE	£15
☐ 1 hour video of SUSIE	£15
☐ 1 hour video of MICHELLE	£15
☐ 1 hour video of CHRISSY	£15
☐ 1 hour video of CHERYL	£15
☐ 1 hour video of RACHAEL	£15

FORMAT REQUIRED: VHS/BETA (If you do not tick which you require we will send VHS).

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Telephone **01-871 2181** *(24 hours)*
and just listen to the tape recording!

AMSTERDAM!

Make sure you get the best in adult movies. Buy direct from us. U.K. cheques and postal orders accepted. (Films sent in U.K.) (Posted from within the U.K.)

ONE HOUR SPECIAL £9.95 (inc. p&p)

Order from:– Techno Video, P.O. Box 70385
1007 KJ, Amsterdam, Holland. *(22p stamp)*

ORIENTAL

Our one hour uncensored adult video of XXX from **THE EAST!**

LEARN SOMETHING NEW

£9.95 (including p & p)
Only from
VIDEO VIEW
12 Thornton Road, Leytonstone,
London E11

NUDE WIVES

One hour of
home-made full action.
Professionally made adult XXX
£10.00
Home Video Products,
P.O. Box 242, London SW15 2RJ

YOUNG AC/DC LADY 37.24.36
has privately made VHS & BETA Videos for sale.
Made to order service available.
My one hour 'special' – £15.00
Tobo Video, Box 350Q, Canterbury Road,
Radford, Nottingham

BOTTOMS ONLY VIDEO
1 hour – £13.00
From: Bottoms Up, P.O. Box 242,
LONDON SW15 2RJ

BUY A SAMPLE VIDEO FIRST!

WHY TAKE ANY RISK WHEN FOR ALMOST THE COST OF A BLANK YOU CAN BUY A
XXX PREVIEW VIDEO

ONLY GENUINE ADULT DEALERS CAN MAKE AN OFFER LIKE THIS

FULL ONE HOUR £10 *YES – ONLY£10*
inc P & P VHS/Beta

(Refundable with first order)

To: **ACE VIDEO, Circle House 65/67 Wembley Hill Road, Wembley, Middlesex, HA9 8DP**

Please send my 1 HOUR sample. I am over 18. I enclose cheque/P.O. for £10 payable to:
ACE VIDEO *(attach your address)*
My adult interests are
GENERAL ☐ **ORGIES** ☐ **GAY** ☐ **STRIPS** ☐ **SPANK** ☐ **GROUP** ☐
Tick your interest
NAME ____________________
ADDRESS ____________________
____
TEL. NO. ____________________
ORIGINAL. **YOU MUST USE THIS COUPON. THIS IS TO STOP PEOPLE GETTING MORE THAN ONE EACH.**

SPECIALIST ADULT VIDEO FILMS!

All you have to do is choose any THREE or SIX films from the list below and we will make up a SPECIALIST order as close to your own individual tastes as possible.
ALL FILMS SENT UNDER PLAIN COVER

SEND NO MONEY !

THE SAFEST WAY TO ORDER ADULT VIDEOS IS CASH ON DELIVERY.
You do not have to wait weeks for your films and by C.O.D., you receive your films within 48 hours and you do not have to pay for the films until they are in your hands!

'A' (ALPHA) 1 HR. [redacted]
'B' (BRAVO) 1 HR. OF ASSORTED ORGIES
'C' (CHARLIE) 1 HR. OF UNIFORMS (Nurses etc)
'D' (DELTA) 1 HR. OF FEMALE DOMINATION
'E' (ECHO) 1 HR. OF [redacted]
'F' (FREDDIE) 1 HR. OF LESBIAN
'G' (GEORGE) 1 HR. OF GAY
'H' (HARRY) 1 HR. OF BIG BOY SPECIAL
'I' (INDIGO) 1 HR. OF STRIPS (12)
'J' (JUPITER) 1 HR. OF [redacted]
'K' (KETCHUP) 1 HR. OF ORIENTAL
'L' (LARRY) 1 HR. [redacted]
'M' (MARY) 1 HR. OF BIG BOOBS
'N' (NELLIE) 1 HR. OF BOTTOMS
'O' (ORAL) 1 HR. OF 'O'
'P' (PIPER) 1 HR. OF NAUGHTY KNICKERS
'Q' (QUEEN) 1 HR. XXX? XXX? XXX?
'R' (RANDY) 1 HR. [redacted]
'S' (SUGAR) 1 HR. OF SPANKING
'T' (TANGO) 1 HR. OF SUSPENDERS
'U' (UNIFORM) 1 HR. OF GENERAL
'V' (VICTOR) 1 HR. OF SAMPLES

TO: ALPHA VIDEO, 27a OLD GLOUCESTER STREET, LONDON, WC1N 3XX
Send me the following films C.O.D. (Prices: Any 3 for £30.00. Any 6 for £45.00.)
☐1 ☐2 ☐3 ☐4 ☐5 ☐6 **MAIL ORDER – you can pay by cheque or postal order if you wish.**
JUST WRITE CODE LETTER IN THE BOXES
Name ____________________ **I am on VHS/BETA**
Address ____________________
____________________ **Tel. No.** ____________________

CALL ME NOW!

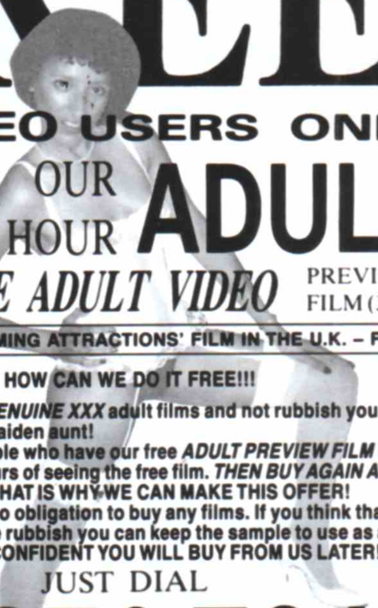
01-871 4333 (24 HOURS)
Including Saturdays and Sundays
I WILL TELL YOU ABOUT MY VIDEO AND PHOTOS

STRIPPING VIDEO
Our seductive women will strip for you.
1 hour of uncensored erotica – £12
– VHS/BETA (inc. p&p)

12 STRIPS ON A ONE HOUR VIDEO

EROS VIDEO
9/11 Kensington High Street, London W8 5NP

FREE!



TO VIDEO USERS ONLY!

OUR FULL HALF HOUR **ADULT!**

YES–A FREE ADULT VIDEO PREVIEW FILM (30 mins)

THE HOTTEST 'COMING ATTRACTIONS' FILM IN THE U.K. – FREE!

HOW CAN WE DO IT FREE!!!

EASY – Our films are *GENUINE XXX* adult films and not rubbish you could show to your maiden aunt!
YES! – 90% of the people who have our free *ADULT PREVIEW FILM* buy from us within 24 hours of seeing the free film. *THEN BUY AGAIN AND AGAIN!*
THAT IS WHY WE CAN MAKE THIS OFFER!
ALSO – You are under no obligation to buy any films. If you think that our ADULT films are rubbish you can keep the sample to use as a blank!
YES – WE ARE THAT CONFIDENT YOU WILL BUY FROM US LATER!

JUST DIAL

01-870 7313

24 HOUR SERVICE – OPEN SATURDAY & SUNDAY

TO ORDER!!!

LESBIAN
Adult Videos VHS/BETA
3 One hour Lesbian Action Videos
£25 (including p&p)
TOBO – the established supplier to the lesbian community.
Order from **– TOBO VIDEO,**
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P.O. Box 350Q, Canterbury Road,
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MODELS WANTED
Earn top money
making Stag Videos
– £200 per hr.
Send photo/details to
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FROM HOLLAND WITH LOVE!

We have our famous one hour special sample video for only **£13** (inc. p&p)
See our sample film first – buy later!
U.K. Cheques/P.O. accepted (posted from within the U.K.).

To Metro Video, P.O. Box 10552, 1001EN,
Amsterdam, Holland. *(Remember to use 22p stamp.)*
Send me your sample. I attach £13.
Name ____________________
Video ____________________
Address ____________________

HOT SEX VIDEOS!!

TELEPHONE
01-871 2181
24 Hrs. – Inc. Saturdays & Sundays

JUST LISTEN TO THE TAPE RECORDING

THE THIRTY NINE STRIPS

SPECIAL production of our best 39 girls displaying all after a tantalising strip. 2 hour video VHS/BETA £15.
From: **TABU VIDEO, P.O. Box 242, London SW15 2RJ.**

39 ACTS!

SPECIAL TASTES SEX VIDEOS

BUY AND EXCHANGE

Just choose any two XXX one hour videos from the list below.
Then you can exchange them for ONLY £1.50 PER FILM!
ANY 2 FOR £25

CODING FOR FILMS ON OFFER
- A ONE HOUR OF C.P.
- B ONE HOUR XXX? XXX? XXX? XXX? XXX?
- C ONE HOUR OF ALL MALE
- D ONE HOUR XXX? XXX? XXX? XXX? XXX?
- E ONE HOUR OF HUGE BOOBS
- F ONE HOUR OF MALE DOMINATION
- G ONE HOUR OF ALL MALE GROUP
- H ONE HOUR XXX? XXX? XXX? XXX? XXX?
- I ONE HOUR NAVY BLUE KNICKER GIRLS
- J ONE HOUR LESBIAN
- K ONE HOUR ORIENTAL
- L ONE HOUR OF MIXED COUPLES
- M ONE HOUR OF BIZARRE
- N ONE HOUR OF FEMALE DOMINATION

Eros Video, 9 11 Kensington High Street,
London W8 5NP

SEND ME TWO FILMS NOS. _____ & _____
I ENCLOSE £25.00. *VHS/BETA*
Name ________________
Address ________________

24 hour C.O.D. delivery service. Just ring 037 383 0822 to order by telephone.

SPANKING GOOD!

'In and out of uniform'
VHS/BETA VIDEO **£13.00** (inc. p&p)
Order from:
VIDEO PLUS, 434 Corn Exchange Bldg., Hanging Ditch, Manchester M4 3EY.

BUY 'N EXCHANGE

First buy our uncensored special 'starter' film for **only £13.00** (inc.p&p)
Then exchange a for £3.00 time.
Order from: XXX Video,
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Streatham, LONDON SW16.

THREE HOURS OF ASSORTED USA AND SCANDINAVIAN XXX VIDEOS. £20.00.
From VIDEO IMPORTS, P.O. BOX 242, LONDON SW15 2RJ

SUSPENDERS & STOCKING TOPS

Naughty clips of housewives and girlfriends etc. Training as model and striptease artists
VHS/Beta – ONLY £15.00
Video View, 12 Thornton Road, Leytonstone, London E11

ALL MALES VIDEO

Couples and groups in the home made one hour 'BIG BOY SPECIAL'
£8.50 from
Hoss, PO Box 242, London SW15 2RJ

My explicit home made video, all positions, all comers. 45 mins £8.
(Films also made to order) VHS/BETA
Connie Lingus, Confidential Mail Services, P.O. Box 242, London SW15 2RJ.

ADULT RUBBISH VIDEOS

Have you been ripped off with so called adult videos which are so soft you could show them to your grandmother?

TAKE NO RISKS!

Buy a sample tape first – for only **£7.00** (inc. p&p)!
The £7.00 is refundable with your first order, so when you buy, the film is FREE for you to keep!

To XXX Home Video, P.O. Box 242, London SW15 2RJ

Please send me my half hour EROTIC INFERNO sample film.
My video is (VHS/BETA). I am over 18. I enclose cheque/P.O. for £7 payable to Video Co.
Name ________________
Address ________________
________________ Tel. No. ________________

FREE!

OUR ½ HOUR XXX VIDEO PREVIEW TAPE

NO NONSENSE
If you don't want to buy any of the sex videos offered on the preview film you can just keep it to use as a blank and forget it!

TO ORDER JUST TELEPHONE
(24 hours)
(open weekends) **0373-830 563**

AMSTERDAM!

Make sure you get the best in adult movies. Buy direct from us. U.K. cheques and postal orders accepted.
(Films sent in U.K.) (Posted from within the U.K.)
ONE HOUR SPECIAL £9.95 (inc. p&p)
Order from:– Techno Video, P.O. Box 70385
1007 KJ, Amsterdam, Holland. *(22p stamp)*

CALL ME NOW!

01-871 4333 (24 HOURS)
Including Saturdays and Sundays
I WILL TELL YOU ABOUT MY VIDEO AND PHOTOS

SEX VIDEOS

Buy a 1 hour sample first!

£10 INC. P&P

Money back guarantee

TO: ALPHA VIDEO, 27a OLD GLOUCESTER STREET, LONDON WC1N 3XX
Please send my 1 HOUR sample. I am over 18. I enclose cheque/P.O. for **£10 payable to ALPHA VIDEO, 27a Gloucester Street, London WC1N 3XX**
My adult interests are GENERAL ☐ ORGIES ☐ GAY ☐
SPANK ☐ GROUP ☐ *(tick your interests!)*
NAME ________________
ADDRESS ________________

ORIGINAL
YOU MUST USE THIS COUPON. THIS IS TO STOP PEOPLE GETTING MORE THAN ONE EACH.

ANY 4 TITLES £11.95
ALL 12 TITLES
ONLY £20

12 SEX VIDEO TITLES AT WELL UNDER £2 EACH

UNCENSORED IMPORTED SCAN TITLES

"You cannot understand what they are saying, but you can sure see what they are doing."

Not only can you buy these sex video titles at rock bottom prices, but you also get genuine uncensored hard-core titles.

The reason is simple, imported foreign language titles do not, as yet, require certification. Prompting one of our managers to say "You cannot understand what they are saying, but you can sure see what they are doing."

We have stacks of these video titles in stock and as they will have to be certificated fairly soon we are looking to clear our stocks now.

LOW PRICES

Because of the low prices and the high cost of packaging and despatch, we ask only that you buy a minimum of 4 titles as the groups listed.

FV/17 — ALL 4 VIDEO TITLES REDUCED TO £11.95

THE SECRETARY. The bi-sexual temp has the office hot and horny as she gets it over the typewriter, is molested in the lift and fornicates with the girls in the broom cupboard.

THE VISIT. A young family friend visits and he's randy. She does not object and soon he has her boobs out, then she's naked and they are at it all over the house.

LADIES AFTERNOON. Three ladies meet for afternoon coffee and lesbian fun. See the excitement as they get to grips with each others bodies.

THE INTERVIEW. A job with this man means more than typing. Each applicant is stripped and splayed in turn. He then sends them to his secretary in the next office for horny two girl action.

FV/18 — ALL 4 VIDEO TITLES PRICE SLASHED TO £11.95

PHOTOGRAPH. John takes lots of hard-core pictures of his wife playing with herself and sends them to a girlie magazine. Instead, of publishing them the Editor rushes round and gives her one.

LADY IN BLACK. Dressed in black leather, she watches her friend and husband at it while she plays with a big black dildo.

THREE GIRLS. Three girls egg each other on to chat up the window cleaner. One does, but she can't take all he can give her so she calls for her friends to help.

FRIENDS. Two friends both have the same girl. Then they both have her sister. One of the friends has the girls' mother in the kitchen. Then the mother's younger sister walks in . . .

FV/19 — ALL 4 VIDEO TITLES DOWN IN PRICE TO £11.95

THE PARTY. John and Alice hold a wife swapping party. However, another wife fancies Alice who is quite happy to oblige. Fortunately there is a spare girl for John.

HANDS. Jenny enjoys a sauna and body massage, but today only the handyman, with his rough, coarse hands, is available. Soon Jenny is groaning with pleasure as these rough hands find the sensitive parts.

HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY. A lecherous couple set up a training school for nurses. Biology soon turns into a bi-sexual orgy, as everyone fights to join in.

THE MIRROR. With two-way mirrors, the madame watches her girls getting it from any manner of male and female customers. At the end of the day she chooses one of the girls for her own kinky lust.

VIDEO OFFERS, 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London E7 9LN.

VIDEO OFFERS, 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London E7 9LN.

CALLERS WELCOME. These videos and many other adult products are available amongst the outlets listed. Mon-Sat 9.30-6pm (Fri 8pm).

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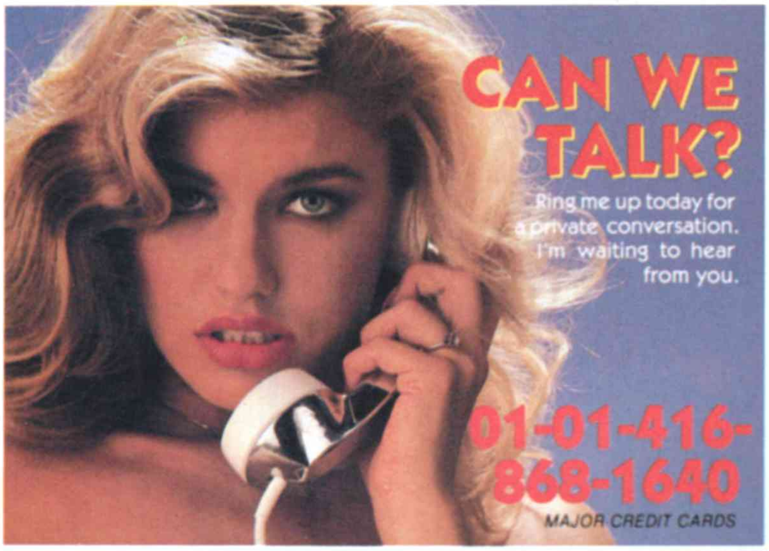
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STELLA

Stella is a young lady who's looking to the future with some relish. At the age of 20, the Northampton nubile is already excited about the fact she has another ten years until she reaches her sexual peak. "And

when you consider I can't get enough of it even now, just think what I'll be like when I'm 30!" she trembles. "The only thing is that men are at their peak before they can even properly be called *men*, ie when they're 19, but don't think that's going to stop me. I fully intend to keep myself in great shape over the years, so finding a toy boy shouldn't present any problems. My current boyfriend was an innocent youth when I picked him up, and it really is a major

turn-on to play with a smooth, young, fresh-as-the-driven-snow cock. Even though his willie can no longer be described in these terms, it'll *always* be like that to me." All together now – aaaahhh! ♣

coming in club

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IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 18

nipple actually began to swell as I caressed and nibbled them, until they stood out from her tits like ripe plums. Within a few minutes each nipple was so swollen I was having to open my mouth fully to suck on them.

All this time she was stroking my cock against her belly and I could feel myself leaking my juices. Just sucking on those super-erect nipple mounds soon had me over the top, and I am not afraid to admit I shot off all up the front of her nightie!

I was ready for more within about half an hour and, going into her doggy-style, I was able to give plenty of attention to her out of this world tits. I am quite well-endowed (7½″×5½″) and with her being so small, I experienced some difficulty at first: but by taking her gently and slowly I was soon buried bollock deep in her fantastic tightness. I was able to keep more control this time, and enjoyed a slow fuck and a long build-up to a mind-blowing climax. That night and those tits will live in my mind for ever. – *Carl, Kent*

Five and a half inches across?! This man is either pissed or he has a beer can between his thighs – Ed.

By George!

Belated, but heartfelt, appreciation for the photographs of Georgina in Vol 16 No 10. Such exceptional beauty deserves to be complimented. She has some similarity to the most erotic actress in cinema today – Nastassia Kinski. But Kinski's nude scenes do not fulfil the sensual promise of her face; while Georgina, on the other hand, has a body (of which I am sure she is proud) rich in fascination, and utterly unique.

It is the subtle, unexpected variations, in the familiar feminine forms, that really excite, delight, and capture the imagination. Georgina's delectably off-centre nipples have this special quality of uniqueness, as does the unusual harmony between the geometric precision of her jaw, and the luscious fullness of her lips. Her nether-lips, too, have intricate curvatures which could keep any artist's eye inspired for months, dreaming of landscapes and cupolas in the shapes of her cunt. She is quite simply (to cut short these poetic ramblings) the most gorgeous girl I have seen in a very long time, and my enthusiasm has not lessened in the weeks I have let pass before having time to write and thank you for letting us see this very special girl.

A thousand kisses to Georgina, and as many thanks to your magazine for revealing her to us. Keep up the excellent standard of your photography, and keep showing us girls – like the wonderful Georgina with her pouting nether lips – who are out of the ordinary. – *Peter, London NW10*

Related to Wordsworth, then, are you? – Ed. ♣

The intricate curvatures of Georgina's nether lips (ie her gorgeous fanny . . .)

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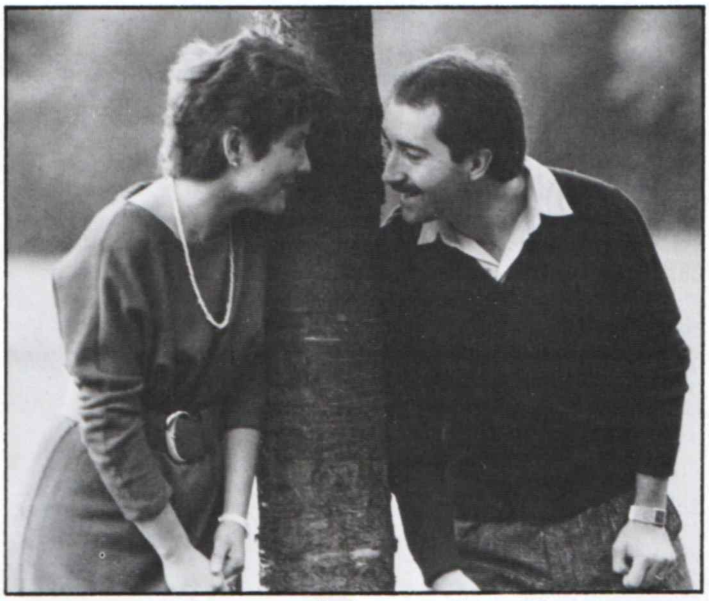

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